


Robert L. Lincoln

1862.



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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;
WITH
A LIFE OF THE POET,
AND
NOTES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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VOL. VI. 1

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

It appears from the Appendix to Peck's Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell, &c. p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject had been written:—"Epilogus Cæsari interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes, et scriptus, et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, in his Wits' Commonwealth, 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time.

From what Polonius says in Hamlet, it seems probable that there was also an English play on the story before Shakspeare commenced writer for the stage. Stephen Gosson, in his School of Abuse, 1579, mentions a play entitled The History of Cæsar and Pompey.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy of the story of Julius Cæsar: the death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited, but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece, which appeared in 1607, when the writer was little acquainted with English writers: it abounds with Scotticisms, which the author corrected in the edition he gave of his works in 1637. There are parallel passages in the two plays, which may have arisen from the two authors drawing from the same source; but there is reason to think the coincidences more than accidental, and that Shakspeare was acquainted with the drama of lord Sterline. The celebrated passage, "The cloud-capt towers," &c., had its prototype in Darius, another play of the same author.

It should be remembered that Shakspeare has many plays founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others; whereas no proof has hitherto been produced that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new-model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. If the conjecture that Shakspeare was indebted to lord Sterline be just, his drama must have been produced subsequent to 1607, or at latest in that year; which is the date ascribed to it, upon these grounds, by Malone.

Upton has remarked that the real duration of time in Julius Cæsar is as follows:—About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709, a frantic festival sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honor of Cæsar, when

the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. November 27th, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription. A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi.

Gildon long ago remarked that Brutus was the true hero of this tragedy, and not Cæsar; Schlegel makes the same observation: the Poet has portrayed the character of Brutus with peculiar care, and developed all the amiable traits, the feeling, and patriotic heroism of it, with super-eminent skill. He has been less happy in personifying Cæsar, to whom he has given several ostentatious speeches, unsuited to his character, if we may judge from the impression made upon us by his own Commentaries. The character of Cassius is also touched with great nicety and discrimination, and is admirably contrasted to that of Brutus: his superiority "in independent volition, and his discernment in judging of human affairs, are pointed out;" while the purity of mind and conscientious love of justice in Brutus, unfit him to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted; these amiable failings give, in fact, an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators. The play abounds in well-wrought and affecting scenes: it is scarcely necessary to mention the celebrated dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, in which the design of the conspiracy is opened to Brutus;—the quarrel between them, rendered doubly touching by the close, when Cassius learns the death of Portia; and which one is surprised to think that any critic, susceptible of feeling, should pronounce "*cold and unaffecting*;"—the scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavors to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, in which is that heart-thrilling burst of tenderness, which Portia's heroic behavior awakens—

"You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

The speeches of Mark Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, and the artful eloquence with which he captivates the multitude, are justly classed among the happiest effusions of poetic declamation.

There are also those touches of nature interspersed, which we should seek in vain in the works of any other poet. In the otherwise beautiful scene with Lucius, an incident of this kind is introduced, which, though wholly immaterial to the plot or conduct of the scene, is perfectly congenial to the character of the agent, and beautifully illustrative of it. The sedate and philosophic Brutus, discomposed a little by the stupendous cares upon his mind, forgets where he had left his book of recreation:—

"Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so."

Another passage of the same kind, and of eminent beauty, is to be found in the scene where the conspirators assemble at the house of Brutus at midnight. Brutus, welcoming them all, says—

“What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceived

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east

Stands as the Capitol, directly here.”

It is not only heroic manners and incidents which the all-powerful pen of Shakspeare has expressed with great historic truth in this play; he has entered with no less penetration into the manners of the factious plebeians, and has exhibited here, as well as in *Coriolanus*, the manners of a Roman mob. How could Johnson say, that “his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigor of his genius”!

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } *Triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
 CASSIUS,
 CASCA,
 TREBONIUS,
 LIGARIUS,
 DECIUS BRUTUS,
 METELLUS CIMBER,
 CINNA, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a Poet.* Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young CATO, and VOLUMINIUS,*
Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, *Servants*
to Brutus.

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *during a great part of the Play, at Rome ; afterwards at*
Sardis, and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flavius. HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a laboring day, without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a
safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad
soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave; thou naughty knave,
what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me;
yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou
saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl:

I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handy work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;¹
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears

¹ Condition, rank.

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

See, wher¹ their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.²

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.³ I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR, ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,⁴ CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca.

Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

¹ Whether.

² Honorary ornaments.

³ These *trophies* were *scarfs*.

⁴ This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The Poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof. The error has its source in North's translation of Plutarch, or in Holland's Suetonius, 1606.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,¹
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord!

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember;
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is performed.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of
March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon
Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Sennet.*² *Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

¹ The old copy reads "*Antonio's way*;" in other places we have *Octavio, Flavio*. The plays were more accustomed to Italian than Latin terminations. The allusion is to a custom at the *Lupercalia*.

² See King Henry VIII. Act ii. Sc. 4.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late.
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have ;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius,*
Be not deceived ; if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors ;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one,)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,¹
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just ;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius.
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear ;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself

¹ i. e. the nature of the feelings which you are now suffering.

So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself which you yet know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus.
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use
 To stale¹ with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protester; if you know
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them; or if you know
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the
 people
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
 What is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently;
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favor.
 Well, honor is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you.
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,

¹ Johnson has erroneously given the meaning of *allurement to stale*, in this place. "*To stale* with ordinary oaths my love," is "*to prostitute* my love."

Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive¹ the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber,
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;²
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius;*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper³ should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

¹ The verb *arrive* is also used by Milton without the preposition.

² Some commentators suppose that the allusion here is to a coward's desertion of his standard. Probably nothing more was intended than to describe the effect of the disease on the appearance of the lips.

³ Temperament, constitution.

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar ! what should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [Shout.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls¹ encompassed but one man ?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus² once, that would have brooked
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim ;³
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further moved. What you have said,
 I will consider ; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;⁴
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
 Under these hard conditions as⁵ this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

¹ The first folio reads *walks*.

² "Lucius Junius Brutus."

³ i. e. guess.

⁴ *Ruminate* on this.

⁵ *As*, according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that*, *which*, or *it* ; accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers, and particularly in our excellent version of the Bible.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,——

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter.—But I fear him not
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony : he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.* CASCA
stays behind.

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak ; would you
speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath
chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him ; and
being offered him, he put it by with the back of his
hand, thus ; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice ; what was the last cry
for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't ; and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other ; and at every putting by,
nine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner
of it ; it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw
Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown
neither ; 'twas one of these coronets ;—and, as I told
you, he put it by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking,
he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him
again ; then he put it by again ; but, to my thinking,
he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then
he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time
by ; and still, as he refused it, the rabblement hooted,
and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their
sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking
breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had
almost choked Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down

at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you ; what ? did Cæsar swoon ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true¹ man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself ?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,² if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues ; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them ; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers ; they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away ?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing ?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect ?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads ; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off

¹ i. e. no *honest* man.

² "Had I been a *mechanic*, one of the *plebeians* to whom he offered his throat."

Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well.
There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and
your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit CASCA.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so.—Till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed.¹ Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard;² but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me.³ I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

¹ "The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its *disposition*, or what it is disposed *to*."

² "Has an unfavorable opinion of me."

³ Warburton thus explains this passage:—"If I were Brutus (said he), and Brutus Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him."

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
 CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?¹
 Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of
 earth²

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave³ (you know him well by
 sight)
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
 Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glared⁴ upon me, and went surly by,

¹ "Did you attend Cæsar home?"

² "The whole weight or *momentum* of this globe."

³ "A slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found that he had no hurt."—*North's Plutarch.*

⁴ The old copies erroneously read:—

"Who *glazed* upon me."

Malone, determined to oppose himself to Steevens's reading of *glared*,

Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
 For I believe they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean¹ from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca; this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
 this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of
 faults.

For my part, I have walked about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night;
 And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
 Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;²

reads *gazed*. Steevens has shown, from the Poet's own works, that his
 emendation is the true one.

¹ Altogether, entirely.

² What is now called a *thunder bolt*.

And, when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull; *Casca*; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;¹
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That Heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, *Casca*,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious² grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean. Is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now

¹ i. e. "why birds and beasts deviate from their condition and nature; why old men, fools, and children *calculate*;" i. e. foretell or prophesy. At the suggestion of sir William Blackstone this last line has been erroneously pointed in all the late editions:—

"Why old men fools, and children calculate."

He observed, that "there was no prodigy in old men's *calculating*; but who were so likely to listen to prophecies as children, fools, and the superstitious old?"

² Portentous.

Have thews¹ and limbs like to their ancestors :
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I ;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then ?
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep ;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, O grief !
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman ; then I know
My answer must be made.² But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

¹ i. e. sinews, muscular strength. See note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act iii. Se. 2.

² "I know I shall be called to account, and must *answer* for having uttered seditious words"

Casca. You speak to Casca ; and to such a man,
That is no fleering telltale. Hold my hand :¹
Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch ; for now, this fearful night
There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;
And the complexion of the element,
In favor's² like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this !
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna ? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this

¹ "Hold my hand" is the same as "Here's my hand." "Be *factious* for redress," means, be *contentious*, *enterprising* for redress.

² The old copy reads, "*Is favors*." *Favor* here is put for *appearance*, *look*.

In at his window ; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will lie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him
Is ours already ; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts ;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.* Brutus's Orchard.¹

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius ! ho !
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when ? Awake, I say. What, Lucius !

¹ *Orchard* and *garden* appear to have been synonymous with our ancestors.

Enter LUCIUS

Luc. Called you, my lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius ,
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death ; and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned ;—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—That ;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse¹ from power. And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,²
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may ;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities ;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind,³ grow mischievous.
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up ; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

¹ Shakspeare usually uses *remorse* for *pity*.

² i. e. matter proved by common *experience*.

³ "As his kind," like the rest of his species.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?¹

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!

Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.²

[Knock within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[Exit LUCIUS

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

¹ The old copy erroneously reads, "the first of March." The correction was made by Theobald; as was the following.

² Here again the old copy reads, *fifteen*. This was only the dawn of the fifteenth when the boy makes his report.

Are then in council; and the state of man,¹
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir; there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.²

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

• They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
spiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability;
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honors you; and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,

¹ The old copy reads:—

“Are then in council, and the state of a man,” &c.

² See Act i. Sc. 3.

Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? [*They whisper*

Dec. Here lies the east. Doth not the day break
here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath. If not the face¹ of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery.² But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,

¹ Johnson thus explains this passage:—"The *face of men*" is the "*countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the public ;" in other terms, *honor* and *reputation* ; or the *face of men* may mean "the dejected look of the people." Mason thought we should read, "*the faith of men*."

² Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.

What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,¹
Old, feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break² with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged;—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him

¹ Though *cautelous* is often used for wary, circumspect, by old writers, the context shows that Shakspeare uses it here for *artful*, *insidious*.

² i. e. break the matter to him.

A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all ; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cas-
sius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
Like wrath in death, and envy¹ afterwards ;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
O that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds ;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious ;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For, he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him ;
For, in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him ;
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself ; take thought,² and die for Cæsar ;
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace ; count the clock.

¹ *Envy* here, as almost always by Shakspeare, is used for *malice*.

² To take thought, is to grieve, to be troubled in mind.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whe'r¹ Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;
 For he is superstitious grown of late ;
 Quite from the main opinion² he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustomed terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
 I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear,
 That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,³
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says, he does ; being then most flattered.
 Let me work ;
 For I can give his humor the true bent ;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour ; is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him ;⁴
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons.
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

¹ Whether.

² *Main opinion is fixed opinion, general estimation.* *Fantasy* was used for *imagination* or *conceit* in Shakspeare's time. *Ceremonies* signify omens or signs deduced from sacrifices or other ceremonial rites.

³ *Unicorns* are said to have been taken by one, who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast. *Bears* are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was placed.

⁴ i. e. by his house ; make that your way home.

Cas. The morning comes upon us. We'll leave you, Brutus;—

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;

Let not our looks put on¹ our purposes;

But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untired spirits, and formal constancy.

And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep?—It is no matter;

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.

Thou hast no figures,² nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you
now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit

Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours, neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walked about,

Musing, and sighing, with your arms across;

And when I asked you what the matter was,

You stared upon me with ungentle looks.

I urged you further; then you scratched your head,

And too impatiently stamped with your foot.

Yet I insisted, yet you answered not;

But with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

Which seemed too much enkindled; and, withal,

¹ "Let not our faces put on, that is, wear or show our designs."

² Shapes created by imagination.

Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,¹
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of. And, upon my knees,
I charm you,² by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,

¹ *Condition* is temper, disposition, demeanor.

² "I charm you." This is the reading of the old copy, which Pope and Hanmer changed to "I charge you," without necessity. To *charm* is to *inroke* or *entreat* by words or other fascinating means.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
'Thou, like an exorcist,¹ hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make
sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fired, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night;
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!—Who's within?

¹ Here, and in all other places, Shakspeare uses *exorcist* for one who raises spirits, not one who lays them. But it has been erroneously said that he is singular in this use of the word.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threat-
ened me,

Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,¹
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead
Fierce, fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled² in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use;
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.³

¹ Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens.

² To *hurtle* is to *clash*, or move with violence and noise.

³ Henry Howard, earl of Northampton, in his *Defensative* against the

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were¹ two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Poison of supposed Prophecies, 1583, says, "Next to the shadows and pretences of experience (which have been met with all at large), they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow (for the most part) after *blazing starres*; as if they were the summonses of God to call princes to the seat of judgment. The surest way to shake their painted bulwarkes of experience is, by making plaine that neither princes always dye when comets blaze, nor comets ever (i. e. always) when princes dye." In this work is a curious anecdote of queen Elizabeth, "then lying at Richmond, being dissuaded from looking on a comet; with a courage equal to the greatness of her state, she caused the windowe to be sette open, and said, *Jacta est alea*—the dice are thrown."

¹ The old copy reads, "We *heare*," &c. The emendation was made by Theobald. Upton proposed to read, "We *are*," &c.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus ; he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar ;

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false ; and that I dare not, falser.
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell gray-beards the truth ?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamed to-night she saw my statua,¹
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these doth she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begged, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press

¹ "The old copy reads *statue* ; but it has been shown by Mr. Reed, beyond controversy, that *statua* was pronounced as a trisyllable by our ancestors, and hence generally written *statua*."

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.¹
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar;
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.²

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?—

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

¹ At the execution of several of the ancient nobility, martyrs, &c., handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as memorials.

² "And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love."

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is, notwithstanding, up.—
Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna;—now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will;—and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cas-
sius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna;
trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber;
Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius
Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and
it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal,
look about you; security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.¹
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
 If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.² [Exit

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
 Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
 O constancy, be strong upon my side!
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
 Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
 For he went sickly forth. And take good note,
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
 Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well;
 I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
 And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer.*³

Por. Come hither, fellow:
 Which way hast thou been?

¹ *Emulation* is here used in its old sense of envious or factious rivalry.

² "The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction."

³ Mr. Tyrwhitt says, "The introduction of the soothsayer here is

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be; much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,¹
That Cæsar will not grant.—O I grow faint;
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord.
Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*]

unnecessary and improper. All that he is made to say should be given to Artemidorus; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient."

¹ These words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to CÆSAR]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar. Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant.
 Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
 For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
 Brutus,
 He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR
and the Senators take their seats.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
 And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed: ¹ press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your ² hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
 That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
 Cæsar,
 Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
 An humble heart:— [Kneeling.]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
 These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
 And turn pre-ordinance,³ and first decree,
 Into the law of children.⁴ Be not fond,
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thawed from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
 Low-crooked curt'sies, and base, spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.⁵

¹ i. e. he is ready.

² According to the rules of modern grammar, Shakspeare should have written *his* hand. Ritson thinks the words "Are we all ready?" should be given to Cinna, and not to Cæsar.

³ *Pre-ordinance* for ordinance already established.

⁴ The old copy erroneously reads "the *lane* of children." *Lawe*, as anciently written, was easily confounded with *lane*.

⁵ Ben Jonson has shown the ridicule of this passage in the Induction to *The Staple of News*. He has been accused of quoting the passage

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banished brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world. 'Tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;¹
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion;² and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

unfaithfully; but Mr. Tyrwhitt surmised, and Mr. Gifford is decidedly of opinion, that the passage originally stood as cited by Jonson; thus:—

Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

Cæs. Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.”

Mr Tyrwhitt has endeavored to defend the passage by observing, that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury*; and that Cæsar is meant to say, that he doth not inflict any evil or punishment but with just cause. “The fact seems to be (says Mr. Gifford), that this verse, which closely borders on absurdity, without being absolutely absurd, escaped the Poet in the heat of composition; and being one of those quaint slips which are readily remembered, became a jocular and familiar phrase for reproving (as in the passage of Ben Jonson’s *Induction*) the perverse and unreasonable expectations of the male or female gossips of the day.”

¹ i. e. intelligent, capable of apprehending.

² i. e. “still holds his place unshaken by suit or solicitation,” of which the object is to *move* the person addressed.

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*¹—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.²

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

¹ Neither Suetonius nor Plutarch furnished Shakspeare with this exclamation. It occurs in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, 1600; on which he formed the Third Part of *King Henry VI.*:—

“*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?”

And is translated in *Cæsar's Legend*, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587:—

“*And Brutus thou my sonne, quoth I, whom erst
I loved best.*”

The words probably appeared, originally, in the old Latin play on the Death of Cæsar.

² We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. Casca's singularity of manners would have appeared to little advantage amid the succeeding war and tumult.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed :
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates ! we will know your pleasures.—
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown !

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust !

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down :
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :—
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him ;
Say, I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit* Servant.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend

Cas. I wish we may ; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend ;
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :¹

¹ Johnson explains this :—"Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety." This explanation will derive support from the following speech of Oliver, in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of his brother Orlando :—"Is it even so ? begin you to grow upon me ? I will physic your rankness."

If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour! nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.¹

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—

¹ "To you (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points: our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible regard." This explanation is offered by Steevens; and yet, perhaps, we should read, as he himself suggested:—

"Our arms *no* strength of malice."

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand :
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bayed, brave hart,
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.¹
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie !

Cas. Mark Antony—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius .

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compáct mean you to have with us ?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends² am I with you all, and love you all ;

¹ *Lethe* is used by many old writers for *death*. It appears to have been used as a word of one syllable in this sense ; and is derived from *lethum* (Lat.).

² This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent, that the omission

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek ;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do ; do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral ; and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*

of the anomalous *s* would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.¹
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue!—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;²
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*,³ and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!——

[*Seeing the body.*]

¹ That is, in the *course* of times.

² By *men*, Antony means not mankind in general, but those *Romans* whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to wounds in the civil wars which he supposed that event would give rise to.

³ *Havoc* was the word by which declaration was made, in the military operations of old, that no quarter should be given.

To *let slip* a dog was the technical phrase in hunting the hart, for releasing the hounds from the leash or *slip* of leather by which they were held in hand until it was judged proper to let them pursue the animal chased.

Ant. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 chanced.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome¹ of safety for Octavius yet ;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile :
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place ; there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
 friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their
 reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens ;*
BRUTUS goes into the rostrum.]

¹ This jingling quibble upon *Rome* and *room* has occurred before in Act i. Sc. 2. It is deserving of notice on no other account than as it shows the pronunciation of *Rome* in Shakspeare's time.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as

I slew my best lover¹ for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain.
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

¹ *Lover* and *friend* were synonymous with our ancestors.

The evil that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men ;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear his testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins¹ in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

¹ Handkerchiefs.

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors. Honorable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will!
Read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

2 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.¹
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

¹ i. e. his guardian angel, or the being in whom he put most trust.

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,¹
 Which all the while ran blood,² great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint³ of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here;
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged. Revenge; about,—
 seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
 with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
 you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed, are honorable;

What private griefs⁴ they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

¹ See Act ii. Sc. 2. Beaumont, in his *Mask*, writes this word *statua*, and its plural *statuaes*. *Even* is generally used as a dissyllable by Shakspeare.

² The image seems to be, that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue; the words are from North's *Plutarch*:—"Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain."

³ *Dint*, anciently written *dent*; "a *stroke*, and the *impression* which it makes on any thing."

⁴ Grievances.

I am no orator, as Brutus is.
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,¹ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho ! hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not.—I must tell you, then ;
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true ;—the will ;—let's stay, and hear the
will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.²

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his death

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,

¹ The first folio reads, "For I have neither *writ*." The second folio corrects it to *wit*, which Johnson supposed might mean "a penned and premeditated oration."—The context calls for the emendation.

² A *drachma* was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, i. e. 7d.

On this side Tyber.¹ He hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never.—Come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire² the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ "This scene (says Theobald) lies in the Forum, near the Capitol and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter. He would therefore read, "on *that* side Tyber." But Dr. Farmer has shown that Shakspeare's *study* lay in the old translation of Plutarch, "He bequethed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tyber."

² *Fire* again as a dissyllable.

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.**Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

Cinna. I dreamed to-night, that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.¹
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor?
Then to answer every man directly, and briefly,
wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that
marry.—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Pro-
ceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his
bad verses.

¹ i. e. circumstances oppress my fancy with an ill-omened weight.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all.—Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Antony's House.*¹

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius² shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn³ him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,

¹ The place of this scene, here inserted by Malone, is not marked in the old copy. It appears from Plutarch and Appian, that these triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little island near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. Shakspeare, however, apparently meant the scene to be at Rome.

² Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony.

³ i. e. condemn him.

The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property.¹ And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretched
out,²

¹ i. e. as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please.

² The old copy gives this line imperfectly:—

“Our best friends made, our means stretched.”

Malone supplied it thus:—

“Our best friends made, our means stretched to the utmost.”

The reading of the text is that of the second folio edition, which is sufficiently perspicuous.

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies ;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers.
TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,¹
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone ; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius ;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,

¹ It having been thought that alteration was requisite in this line, it may be as well to observe Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer, Lucius Pella, with corruption; and he says to Lucilius, when he hears how he had been received by Cassius:—

“Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling.”

This is the change which Brutus complains of.

Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arrived;—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well.—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of Brutus. LUCIUS
and TITINIUS at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wronged me, doth appear in
this.

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice¹ offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remem-
ber !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ?² What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,

¹ *Nice* here means *silly, simple*.

² This question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.

But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay¹ not me,
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in ;² I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.³

Bru. Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.⁴

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more. Fret till your proud
heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

¹ The old copy reads, "Brutus, *bait* not me." Theobald made the alteration, which has been adopted by all subsequent editors except Malone. *Bay* and *bait* are both frequently used by Shakspeare in the same sense.

² i. e. to limit my authority by your direction or censure.

³ To know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal.

⁴ "This passage (says Steevens) may be easily reduced to metre if we read :—

Cas. Brutus, I am.

Bru. Cassius, I say you are not."

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my
heart;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.¹

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world.
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

¹ The meaning is this:—"I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by practising them on me."

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet.*¹

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humor when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?²
Companion,³ hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

¹ Shakspeare found the present incident in Plutarch. The intruder, however, was Marcus Phaonius, not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher.

² i. e. these silly poets. A *jig* signified a ballad or ditty, as well as a dance. See note on Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2.

³ *Companion* is used as a term of contempt in many of the old plays; as we say at present, *fellow*!

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scaped I killing, when I crossed you so?
O, insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.¹

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine;—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius;—welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

¹ This circumstance is taken from Plutarch. It is also mentioned by Valerius Maximus, iv. 6. Portia is, however, reported by Pliny to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala;
With meditating that she must die once,¹
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art² as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

¹ i. e. at some time or other.
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² In *art*, that is, in *theory*.

Cas. This it is.
'Tis better that the enemy seek us ;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forced affection ;
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new added, and encouraged ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe ;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night ;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell,
good Messala ;—
Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one
[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long ; if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune :—O murderous slumber !
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace¹ upon my boy,
That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good night !
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see.—Is not the leaf turned down,
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well ;

Then I shall see thee again ?²

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

¹ A mace is the ancient term for a *sceptre*.

² Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the ghost of Cæsar appeared to Brutus, but "a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body." In Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, it is called the *ghost*, and it is said that "*the light of the lampe wared very dimme.*"

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cried'st
out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;

They mean to warn¹ us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it. They could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery,² thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the general would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words.

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

¹ To warn is to summon.

² "Fearful bravery." *Fearful* may in this instance bear its usual
acceptation of *timorous*.

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;¹
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless, too ;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile dag-
gers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar.
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like
hounds,

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself ;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us
sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look ;

I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again.—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-twenty wounds²
Be well avenged ; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

¹ It should be, "is yet unknown ;" but the error was probably the Poet's.

² The old copy reads, *two-and-thirty* wounds. Theobald corrected the error.

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
 Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
 If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
 If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
 swim, bark!
 The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mess. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,—

This is my birth-day; as this very day
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
 Be thou my witness, that against my will,
 As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
 Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion; now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our former¹ ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
 Who to Philippi here consorted us.

This morning are they fled away and gone;
 And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
 A canopy most faithful, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mess. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
 To meet all perils very constantly.

¹ i. e. *fore* ensign; it probably means the *chief* ensign. Baret has "the former teeth [i. e. fore teeth], dentes primores."

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do ?¹

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself.—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent²
The time of life ;—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun ;³
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.—
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.
Cas. Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

¹ i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself.—What are you determined of?

² "To *prevent*" is here used for to *anticipate*. By *time* is meant the full and complete time ; the natural period.

³ This, though censured as ungrammatical, was the phraseology of the Poet's day, as might be shown by numerous examples. But Dryden and Pope have used it, and Johnson has sanctioned it in his Dictionary :—"Begin, *v. n.* I began, or *begun*." The fact is, that the past tense was, in our old language, written *begon* or *begonne*.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill.¹
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit* PINDARUS.]

This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah,² what news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O, my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is inclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light.—Oh, he 'lights too;
he's ta'en;—

And hark! [*Shout.*] they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!

¹ Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is.

² *Sirrah*, as appears from many of the old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants and children. See note on *Macbeth*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts ;
And, when my face is covered as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child !
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus ; where art thou, Pindarus ?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius ; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears. I may say, thrusting it ;

For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods.—This is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIVS, and LUCILIUS

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crowned dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!¹

It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

¹ "Objectum est Historico (*Cremutius Cordo*. Tacit. Ann. lib. iv. 34.)
quod Brutum Cassiumque ultimos Romanorum dixisset."—Suet. *Tiber*
lib. iii. c. 61.

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body ;
 His funeral shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—
 And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—
 Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :—
 'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies, then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet, hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

[Charges the enemy.]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ;

And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die.

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;

[Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general ;—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius showed the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.¹

¹ A passage from Plutarch will illustrate this scene:—"Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies, (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe,) and from thence, if all were well, that he would lift up a *torche-light* in the aire, and then returne againe with speed to him. The *torche-light* was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after, and that he came not againe, he sayd:—If Statilius be alive, he will come againe. But his evil fortune was suche that, as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies' hands, and was slaine. Now the night being farre spent, Brutus, as he sate, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare; the other aunswered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanius, and sayd somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Greeke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising up, We must flie in deede, sayd he; but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking every man by the hand, be sayd these words unto them with a cheerful countenance:—It re-

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*]

Cli. What, I, my lord ? Ne, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius ! [*Whispers him.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cli. O Dardanius !

Dar. O Clitus !

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;
And this last night, here in Philippi's fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts,¹ whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum s^r d.*]

joyceth my hart that no one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complayne of my fortune, but only for my countries sake :—for as for me, I thinke myselfe happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attaine unto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they have beene naughtie and unjust men, have slaine good men to usurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having sayd so, he prayd every man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside,¹ &c.

¹ *Hilts* is frequently used where only one weapon is spoken of.

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you,
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee, too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once : for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour.

[*Alarum.* Cry within ; Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence ; I will follow.

[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and
VOLUMNIUS.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my
lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still :
I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MES-
SALA, LUCILIUS, and their army.

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy mas-
ter ?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala ;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer¹ me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Strat. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general, honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.—
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [Exit.

¹ To *prefer* seems to have been the general term for recommending a servant.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it; and I think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigor of his genius. JOHNSON.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

AFTER a perusal of this play, the reader will, I doubt not, be surprised when he sees what Johnson has asserted—that “its power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene;”—and that “no character is very strongly discriminated.” If our great Poet has one supereminent dramatic quality in perfection, it is that of being able “to go out of himself at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences.” It is true, that, in the number of characters, many persons of historical importance are merely introduced as passing shadows in the scene; but “the principal personages are most emphatically distinguished by lineament and coloring, and powerfully arrest the imagination.” The character of Cleopatra is indeed a masterpiece; though Johnson pronounces that she is “only distinguished by feminine arts, some of which are too low.” It is true that her seductive arts are in no respect veiled over; but she is still the gorgeous Eastern queen, remarkable for the fascination of her manner, if not for the beauty of her person; and though she is vain, ostentatious, fickle, and luxurious, there is that heroic, regal dignity about her, which makes us, like Antony, forget her defects:—

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
Th’ appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.”

The mutual passion of herself and Antony is without moral dignity, yet it excites our sympathy:—they seem formed for each other. Cleopatra is no less remarkable for her seductive charms, than Antony for the splendor of his martial achievements. Her death, too, redeems one part of her character, and obliterates all faults.

Warburton has observed that Antony was Shakspeare’s hero; and the defects of his character, a lavish and luxurious spirit, seem almost virtues when opposed to the heartless and narrow-minded littleness of Octavius Cæsar. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered the latter down ready cut and dried for a hero; and Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address from the dilemma. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, proud, and revengeful.

Schlegel attributes this to the penetration of Shakspeare, who was not to be led astray by the false glitter of historic fame, but saw through the disguise thrown around him by his successful fortunes, and distinguished in Augustus a man of little mind.

Malone places the composition of this play in 1608. No previous edition to that of the folio of 1623 has been hitherto discovered; but there is an entry of “A Booke called Antony and Cleopatra,” to Edward Blount, in 1608, on the Stationers’ books.

Shakspeare followed Plutarch, and appears to have been anxious to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. Plutarch mentions *Lamprias*, his grandfather, as authority for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. In the stage direction of Scene 2, Act i., in the old copy, *Lamprias*, *Ramnus*, and *Lucilius*, are made to enter with the rest; but they have no part in the dialogue, nor do their names appear in the list of *Dramatis Personæ*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,	}	<i>Triumvirs.</i>
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	}	<i>Friends of Antony.</i>
VENTIDIUS,		
EROS,		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS,		
PHILO,		
MECÆNAS,	}	<i>Friends of Cæsar.</i>
AGRIPPA,		
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIUS,		
THYREUS,		
GALLUS,	}	<i>Friends of Pompey.</i>
MENAS,		
MENECRATES,		
VARRIUS,		
TAURUS,		<i>Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.</i>
CANIDIUS,		<i>Lieutenant-General to Antony.</i>
SILIUS,		<i>an Officer in Ventidius's Army.</i>
EUPHRONIUS,		<i>an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.</i>
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES,		<i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>
A Soothsayer. A Clown.		
CLEOPATRA,		<i>Queen of Egypt.</i>
OCTAVIA,		<i>Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.</i>
CHARMIAN and IRAS,		<i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.*



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo. NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges¹ all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their
Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple² pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

¹ i. e. *renounces*. The metre would be improved by reading *reneyes*, or *reneies*, a word used by Chaucer and other of our elder writers: but we have in King Lear, *renege*, affirm, &c.

² *Triple* is here used for *third*, or *one of three*; one of the *triumvirs*.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.¹

Cleo. Nay, hear them,² Antony.

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in³ that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process?⁴ Cæsar's, I would say?—
Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the ranged⁵ empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,⁶
We stand up peerless.

Cleo.

Excellent falsehood!

¹ "Be brief; *sum* thy business in a few words."

² i. e. *news* was considered plural.

³ *Take in*, it has before been observed, signifies *subdue, conquer*.

⁴ *Process* here means *summons*.

⁵ The *ranged* empire is the *well-arranged, well-ordered* empire.

⁶ To *weet* is to *know*.

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But¹ stirred by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love,² and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose³ every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people.⁴ Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO., with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,⁵ who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ "But stirred by Cleopatra," i. e. "Add, if moved to it by Cleopatra." This is a compliment to her.

² That is, "for the sake of the queen of love."

³ The folio reads, *who*, every, &c.; corrected by Rowe.

⁴ "Sometime also when he would goe up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poor mens windows and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him."—*Life of Antonius in North's Plutarch.*

⁵ "That he *proves* the common liar, *Fame*, in his case, to be a true reporter."

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!¹

Alex. Soothsayer—

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let
me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and
widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom

¹ The old copy reads, "*change* his horns," &c. A similar error of *change* for *charge* is also found in *Coriolanus*.

Herod of Jewry may do homage :¹ find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent ! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names.² Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile³ every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool ; I forgive thee for a witch.⁴

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how ? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she ?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it ?

¹ Herod of Jewry was a favorite character in the mysteries of the old stage, and there he was always represented a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant.

² That is, prove bastards.

³ The old copy reads *fortell*. Warburton made the emendation.

⁴ This has allusion to the common proverbial saying, "You'll never be burnt for a witch."

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heavens mend!—Alexas, —come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die, too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded. Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant.

Well,

What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On;
Things that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flattered.

Mess.

Labienus

(This is stiff¹ news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;²
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess.

O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home; mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's called in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds³ lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant.

Let him appear,—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

¹ "Stiff news" is *hard* news.

² "Extended Asia from Euphrates."

To *extend* is a law term for to *seize*.

³ The old copy reads, "quick *winds*;" an error which has occurred elsewhere. Warburton made the correction.

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia, thy wife, is dead.

Ant.

Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant.

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! thus did I desire it.

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could¹ pluck her back, that shoved her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see
how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die.
It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though,
between them and a great cause, they should be
esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least
noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty
times upon far poorer moment.² I do think there is
mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon
her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

¹ *Could* is here used with an optative meaning.—*Could, would, and should*, are often used by our old writers, in what appears to us an indiscriminate manner, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than chance.

² i. e. for less reason, upon a weaker motive.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience¹ to the queen, And get her love² to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too

¹ Expedition.

² We should, says Mason, read *leave* instead of *love*.

Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
 The empire of the sea. Our slippery people
 (Whose love is never linked to the deserver,
 Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
 Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's¹ hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARNIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
 does.—

I did not send you.²—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way; cross him in
 nothing.

¹ This alludes to the ancient vulgar error, that a horse-hair dropped into corrupted water would become animated. Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that these animated horse-hairs were real insects, and displayed the fallacy of the popular opinion.

² "You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge."

Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far. I wish, forbear.
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long ; the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.¹

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the married woman ?—You may go ;

'Would she had never given you leave to come !

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here ;

I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betrayed ! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words. No going then ;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes ;

¹ Thus in *Twelfth Night* :—

“ There is no woman's *sides*
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion.”

Bliss in our brows' bent ;¹ none our parts so poor,
But was a race² of heaven. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turned the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou shouldst
know

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen ;

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile ; but my full heart
Remains in use³ with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords. Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port⁴ of Rome :
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction : the hated, grown to
strength,
Are newly grown to love : the condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe⁵ my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,
It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die ?⁶

Ant. She's dead, my queen.

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awaked ;⁷ at the last, best.
See, when, and where she died.

¹ The bending or inclination of our brows.

² i. e. of heavenly mould.

³ The Poet here means, "in *pledge*:" the use of a thing is the *possession* of it.

⁴ Gate.

⁵ i. e. render my going not dangerous.

⁶ Cleopatra apparently means to say, "Though age could not exempt me from folly, at least it frees me from a childish and ready belief of every assertion. Is it possible that Fulvia is dead? I cannot believe it."

⁷ The *commotion* she occasioned.

Cleo. O, most false love !
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water ?¹ I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well ;
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look
Like perfect honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood ; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,——

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends ;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman² does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it ;
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it ;
That you know well. Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion³ is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

¹ Alluding to the lachrymatory vials filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.

² Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

³ *Oblivion* is used for *oblivious memory*, a memory apt to be deceitful.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.¹

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labor,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
Since my becoming kills me, when they do not
Eye well to you.² Your honor calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
Sit laurelled victory ! and smooth success
Be strewn before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.
Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor.³ From Alexandria
This is the news :—He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel ; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he ; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find
there

¹ An antithesis seems intended between *royalty* and *subject*. "But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, I should suppose you, from this idle discourse, to be the very genius of idleness itself."

² "That which would seem to become me most, is hateful to me when it is not acceptable in your sight."

³ The old copy reads, "*One great competitor.*" Dr. Johnson proposed the emendation.

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness.
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven;¹
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased;² what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat. Say, this becomes
him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness.³ If he filled
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't;⁴ but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And, it appears, he is beloved of those
That only have feared Cæsar.⁵ To the ports

¹ i. e. the stars.

² i. e. procured by his own fault.

³ "His trifling *levity* throws so much burden upon us."

⁴ i. e. "visit him for't."

⁵ "Those whom not *love*, but *fear*, made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey."

The discontents¹ repair, and men's reports
Give him much wronged.

Cæs. I should have known no less.—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wished until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes deared, by being lacked.² This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,³
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Mencrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear⁴ and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood⁵ to think on't, and flush⁶ youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals.⁷ When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle⁸
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like a stag, when snow the pasture sheets,

¹ That is, the *malcontents*.

² The old copy reads, "Comes *feared* by being lacked."

³ The folio reads, "*lashing* the varying tide." The emendation, which is well supported by Steevens, was made by Theobald. Perhaps *another Messenger* should be noted as entering here, with fresh news.

⁴ Plough.

⁵ i. e. turn pale.

⁶ *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood, *youth* whose blood is at the flow.

⁷ *Wassals*, or *wassails*, is here put for intemperance in general.

⁸ All these circumstances of Antony's distress are literally taken from Plutarch.

The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on. And all this,
(It wounds thine honor, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lanked not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know mean
time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.¹

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.²

Char.

Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

¹ That is, to be my bounden duty.

² A plant, of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep.

Char. You think of him
Too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminared, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done.
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! For wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet¹ of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison.—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,²
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspèct, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

¹ A *burgonet* is a *helmet*, a *head-piece*.

² "Broad-fronted," in allusion to Cæsar's baldness.

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With its tinct gilded thee.¹—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the East,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arrogant² steed,
Who neighed so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb³ by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year, between the
extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him;
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his. He was not merry;
Which seemed to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both;
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?⁴

Cleo. Who's born that day

¹ Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold.

² The old copy reads "an *arm-gaunt* steed," upon which conjecture has been vainly employed. Steevens adopted Monck Mason's suggestion of "*a termagant* steed," with high commendation. The epithet now admitted into the text is the happy suggestion of Mr. Boaden. The word *arrogant*, as written in old MSS., might easily be mistaken for *arm-gaunt*.

³ Thus the old copy; which was altered by Theobald to *dumbed*, without necessity.

⁴ i. e. in such *quick* succession.

When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O, that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days;
When I was green in judgment;—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away.
Get me ink and paper; he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.¹

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

¹ "While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value."

Pom. I shall do well.
 The people love me, and the sea is mite;
 My power's a crescent,¹ and my auguring hope
 Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
 No wars without doors. Cæsar gets money, where
 He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,
 Of both is flattered; but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
 Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
 Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wanned² lip!
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming! Epicurean cooks,
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor,
 Even till³ a lethed dulness!—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
 A space for further travel.⁴

Pom. I could have given less matter
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
 This amorous surfeiter would have donned his helm

¹ Old copy, "My powers are crescent," &c. The judicious emendation was made by Theobald.

² i. e. *declined, faded*, alluding to her having passed the bloom of youth.

³ i. e. delay his sense of honor from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish; *till* was anciently used for *to*.

⁴ i. e. since he quitted Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome.

For such a petty war. His soldiership
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow¹ pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope²
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warred upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square³ between them-
selves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon,⁴ to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Rome. *A Room in the House of
Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself. If Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,

¹ Julius Cæsar had married Cleopatra to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned.

² i. e. I cannot expect.

³ i. e. quarrel.

⁴ i. e. it is incumbent upon us for the preservation of our lives.

And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.¹

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion ;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose² well here, to Parthia.
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard ; when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness³ grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

¹ i. e. I would meet him undressed, without any show of respect.

² That is, if we come to a lucky *composition* or *agreement*.

³ "Let not *ill-humor* be added to the real *subject* of our difference."

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant.

Sit, sir!¹

Cæs.

Nay,

Then——

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so ;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laughed at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i' the world ; more laughed at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concerned me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt. Yet, if you there
Did practise² on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.³

Ant. How intend you, practised ?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you ;⁴ you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother
never
Did urge me in his act.⁵ I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,⁶
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters

¹ The note of admiration here was added by Steevens, who thinks that Antony meant to resent the invitation Cæsar gives him to be seated, as indicating a consciousness of superiority.

² To *practise* is to use unwarrantable arts or stratagems.

³ Theme or subject of conversation.

⁴ The meaning evidently is, "You were the theme or subject for which your wife and brother made their contestation ; you were the word of war."

⁵ i. e. never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war.

⁶ Reporters.

Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but
You patched up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so ;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes¹ attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another.
The third o' the world is yours ; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive² out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted ; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning. But, next day,
I told him of myself ;³ which was as much,
As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

¹ i. e. could not look graciously upon them, could not approve them.
'Fronted is affronted, *opposed*.

² Messenger.

³ "I told him the condition I was in when he had his last audience."

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak ;
The honor's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lacked it.¹ But on, Cæsar ;
The article of my oath,——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I required them ;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then, when poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you ; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it.² Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs³ between ye ; to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.⁴

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of
Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to
wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence ; therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to, then ; your considerate stone.⁵

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ; for it cannot be,

¹ "The theme of honor which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred ; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly."

² "Nor my greatness work without mine honesty."

³ Grievances.

⁴ i. e. reconcile you.

⁵ "Go to, then ; henceforward I will be as mute as a marble statue."

We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,——

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia. Great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.¹

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing; truths would be tales,
Where now half-tales be truths; her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought;
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touched
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never

¹ That is, "You might be reproved for your rashness, and would well deserve it." The old copy reads "proof." Warburton made the emendation.

To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
 Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand.
 Further this act of grace; and from this hour,
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
 And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
 To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
 Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
 Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
 Of late upon me. I must thank him only,¹
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
 At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us.
 Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
 Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
 By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing; but by sea
 He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
 'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
 Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
 The business we have talked of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
 And do invite you to my sister's view,
 Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
 Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
 Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and*
LEPIDUS.

¹ "I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him."

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!
—my honorable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square¹ to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.²

Agr. There she appeared, indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description; she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

¹ i. e. if report *quadrates*, or suits with her merits.

² Enobarbus is made to say, that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes;¹
And made their bends adornings;² at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame³ the office. From the barge
A strange, invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He ploughed her, and she cropped.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

¹ i. e. waited upon her looks, discovered her will by her looks.

² "Made their bends adornings." On this passage there are several pages of notes in the variorum Shakspeare, which, as Steevens remarks, supply a powerful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism; for the same phrase is there explained with reference to four different images—*bows, groups, eyes, and tails*. "The plain sense of the passage seems to be, 'each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty.'"

³ "Yarely frame," i. e. readily perform.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety. Other women
 Cloy the appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish.¹

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery² to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
 Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them ;
 Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
 Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers³
 To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report.
 I have not kept my square ; but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah ! you do wish yourself in Egypt ?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
 you
 Thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see't in

¹ *Riggish* is wanton, immodest.

² *Lottery* for allotment.

³ The same construction is found in *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. i, "Shouting their emulation."

My motion, have it not in my tongue. But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher; Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's;
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear,¹ as being overpowered: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens²
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone;
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.

[*Exit* Soothsayer.]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails³ ever
Beat mine, inhooped, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

P' the East my pleasure lies.—O come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities.

² So in *Macbeth*, "light thickens."

³ The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. *Julius Pollux* relates, that a circle was made in which the birds were placed, and he whose quail was first driven out of this circle lost the stake.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.**Enter* LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further; pray you,
hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount¹
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.**Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody² food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards.³
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch played,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

¹ Mount Misenum.

² Moody here means melancholy.

³ It is scarcely necessary to remark that this is an anachronism. *Billiards* were not known to the ancients.

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is showed, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now ;—
Give me mine angle :—We'll to the river ; there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, *Ah ha ! you're caught.*

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wagered on your angling ; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.¹

Cleo. That time !—O times !—
I laughed him out of patience ; and that night
I laughed him into patience : and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.² O ! from Italy ;

Enter a Messenger.

Rain³ thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead ?
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress ;
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark :
We use

¹ This circumstance is from Plutarch.

² The battle of Philippi being the greatest action of Antony's life, it was an adroit piece of flattery to name his sword from it.

³ The old copy reads "*Ram* thou," &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So in *Timon* :—

"*Rain* sacrificial whisperings in his ear."

To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crowned with snakes,
Not like a formal man.¹

Mess. Will't please you hear me ?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st.
Yet if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.²

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet* ; it does allay
The good precedence :³ fie upon *but yet* ;
But yet is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friend with Cæsar ;
In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report ;
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mess. For the best turn i'the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

¹ i. e. not like a man in form ; not in your own proper shape.

² The Eastern ceremony at the coronation of their kings was to powder them with gold-dust and seed-pearl.

³ i. e. abates the good quality of what is already reported.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down*

Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot¹ thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.
[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;²
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him;—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

I'ho'ugh it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message

¹ *Profit thee, recompense thee.*

² "Contain yourself, restrain your passion within bounds."

An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold there
still ?

Mess. Should I lie, madam ?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst ;
So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes ! Go, get thee hence :
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married ?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you.
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not !—What ? thou'rt sure of—Get thee
hence ;¹

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me. Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em ! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,
I faint ; O Iras,—Charmian,—'Tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him
Report the feature² of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination ; let him not leave out

¹ The old copy thus exhibits this line:—

“That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence.”

The emendation admitted in the text is partly that of Monck Mason.

² *Feature* was anciently used for the form or fashion of the whole body

The color of her hair :—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit* ALEXAS.

Let him forever go.—Let him not—Charmian,¹

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas

[*To* MARDIAN.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet ; at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBAREUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs.

Most meet

That first we come to words ; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent ;
Which if thou hast considered, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;
And carry back to Sicily much tall² youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom.

To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends ; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,³
There saw you laboring for him. What was it,
That moved pale Cassius to conspire ? And what
Made the all-honored, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol ; but that they would

¹ Cleopatra is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger but of Antony.

² Brave, courageous.

³ This verb is used by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Have one man but a man? And that is it,
 Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
 The angered ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that despitful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear¹ us, Pompey, with thy
 sails;
 We'll speak with thee at sea; at land, thou know'st
 How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
 Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:²
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
 Remain in't as thou mayst.³

Lep. Be pleased to tell us
 (For this is from the present⁴) how you take
 The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
 What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
 To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
 Measures of wheat to Rome. This 'greed upon,
 To part with unhacked edges, and bear back
 Our target undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
 I came before you here, a man prepared
 To take this offer; but Mark Antony
 Put me to some impatience. Though I lose
 The praise of it by telling, you must know,
 When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows

¹ *Affright.*

² "At land, indeed, thou dost exceed me in possessions; having added to thy own my father's house."

³ "Keep it while you can."

⁴ i. e. foreign to the object of our present discussion.

Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand.
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the East are soft; and thanks to
you,
That called me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gained by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts ¹ harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed;
I crave our composition may be written,
And sealed between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard;—
And I have heard Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that;—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.²

¹ A metaphor from making *marks* or *lines* in casting accounts in arithmetic.

² i. e. to Julius Cæsar. This is derived from the margin of North's

Pom. I know thee now ;—how far'st thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand.
I never hated thee ; I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behavior.

Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much ; but I have praised you,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness ;
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,*
Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made
this treaty.—[*Aside.*.]—You and I have known,¹ sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me ;
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety ; you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me
your hand, Menas ; if our eyes had authority, here they
might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their
hands are.

Plutarch, 1579 :—" *Cleopatra* trussed up in a *matrasse*, and so brought to
Cæsar upon *Appollodorus'* backe."

¹ i. e. been acquainted. So in *Cymbeline* :—" Sir, we have *known*
together at Orleans."

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he forever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.¹

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt*]

¹ Conversation is behavior, manner of acting in common life.

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.*

*Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.*¹

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants² are ill rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colored.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.³

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,⁴ he cries out, *No more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan⁵ I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.⁶

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. [*To CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,

¹ A *banquet* here is a refection, similar to our *dessert*.

² *Plants* besides its common meaning, is used here for the *foot*, from the Latin.

³ "A phrase (says Warburton) among good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companions drink to ease him."

⁴ Warburton explains this phrase as equivalent to one still in use, of "touching one in a sore place."

⁵ A *partisan* was a weapon between a *pike* and a *halberd*.

⁶ "To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a sight as unseemly as the holes where the eyes should be, without the animating presence of the eye to fill them."

By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon,¹ follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your
mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be; but I'll ne'er
out.

Eno. Not till you have slept. I fear me, you'll be
in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies'
pyramises² are very goodly things; without contradic-
tion, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear; what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad
as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves
with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth
it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What color is it of?

Ant. Of its own color too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him; else
he is a very epicure.

¹ *Foizon* is plenty, abundance.

² *Pyramis*, for *pyramid*, was in common use formerly.

Pom. [*To MENAS, aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang;
Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I called for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

Pom. I think thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's
else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's
twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,
Although you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove;
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,¹
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,²
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats.
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know.
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed thine act. Being done unknown,

¹ i. e. *incloses* and *embraces*.

² i. e. *confederates*.

I should have found it afterwards well done ;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside*
I'll never follow thy palled¹ fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offered,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off*
LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man ; see'st not ?

Men. The third part then is drunk. 'Would it
were all,
That it might go on wheels !

Eno. Drink thou ; increase the reels.²

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,³ ho !
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labor when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer ; but I had rather
fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor ! [*To ANTONY.*

¹ *Palled* is rapid, past its time of excellence ; *palled* wine is wine that has lost its sprightliness.

² Menas says, "The third part of the world is drunk (meaning Lepidus, one of the *triumvirs*.) Would it were all so, that it might go on wheels, i. e. turn round or change." To which Enobarbus replies, "Drink thou ; increase the reels," i. e. increase its giddy course.

³ i. e. tap them, brouch them.

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink ?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands ;¹
Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music ;—
The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall sing ;
The holding² every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them
hand in hand.

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :³
In thy vats our cares be drowned ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned ;
Cup us, till the world go round ;
Cup us, till the world go round !*

Cæs. What would you more ?—Pompey, good night.
Good brother,
Let me request you off ; our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
Anticked us all. What needs more words ? Good
night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

¹ The half-line omitted in this place may be supplied with words resembling those in Milton's *Comus* :—

“Come, let us all take hands, and beat the ground,
Till,” &c.

² The *holding* is the *burden* or *under-song*.

³ *Pink eyne* are *small eyes*. The flower called a *pink* is in French *ocillet*, or *little eye*. To *pink* and *wink* is to contract the eyes and peep out of the lids.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house.—But what? We are
friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and
Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows. Sound, and be hanged, sound
out. [*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS, and
other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body
of PACORUS borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;¹ and
now,

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,²
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,

¹ *Struck* alludes to *darting*.

² *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia.

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow. Spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius ;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person. Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain ; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants¹ scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony ?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected ;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens ; whither, with what
haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Grants* for *affords*. "Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless."

SCENE II. Rome. *An Antechamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatched with Pompey; he is gone; The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps To part from Rome. Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus, Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? the god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!¹

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar; go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony.

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love To Antony.² But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards,³ and he their beetle. So,—

[*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

¹ The phoenix.

² This puerile arrangement of words was much affected in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers.

³ i. e. they are the *wings* that raise this *heavy, lumpish insect* from the ground.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band¹
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherished.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,² the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA*

¹ *Band* and *bond* were once synonymous

² i. e. scrupulous, particular.

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.¹

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse ;
So is he being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus ?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring ; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum ;
What willingly he did confound,² he wailed,
Believe it, till I weep³ too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come ;
I'll wrestle with you, in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu ! be happy !

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way !

Cæs. Farewell, farewell ! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Farewell !

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow ?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

¹ A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a dark-colored spot in his forehead between his eyes. This, being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course looked upon as a great blemish.

² To *confound* is to *consume*, to *destroy*.

³ Theobald reads, "till I wept too."

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have; but how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I looked her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station¹ are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet;
The fellow has good judgment.

¹ Station here means the act of standing.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.¹—

Her hair, what color?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again. I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so. I repent me much,
That I so harried him.² Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian.—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ This is from the old writers on physiognomy. Thus in Hill's Pleasant History, &c. 1613:—"The head *very round*, to be forgetful and *foolish*."

² To *harry* is to harass, to worry, to use roughly, to vex, or molest, from the old Norman-French *harier*, of the same meaning.

SCENE IV. Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.**Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me.
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.¹

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts; the good gods will mock me
presently,
When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yoursell shall go between us. The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain² your brother. Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

¹ i. e. to appearance only, not seriously. Thus Dryden, in his *Wild Gallant*:—"I am confident she is only angry from the teeth outward."

² Mr. Boswell suggests that, perhaps, we should read, "Shall stay your brother." To stain is not here used for to shame or disgrace, as Johnson supposed; but for to eclipse, extinguish, throw into the shade, to put out; from the old French *esterindre*.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry;¹ would
not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not
resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly
wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,² seizes him.
So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no
more;³

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murdered Pompey.

¹ i. e. equal rank.

² *Appeal* here means *accusation*; Cæsar's accusation.

³ The old copy reads *would* instead of *world*, and omits *one the* in the third line of this speech.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught;
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this; and
more.

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silvered,¹
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned. At the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaimed, The kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appeared; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Informed.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

¹ This is closely copied from the old translation of Plutarch.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him
His part o'the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored; lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquered,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquered kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Oct. You have not called me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved. We should have met you

By sea and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begged
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct¹ 'twixen his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore ; who now are levying²
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;

¹ The old copy reads, *abstract*. The alteration was made by Warburton.

² That is, which two persons are now levying, &c. Upton observes, that there are some errors in the enumeration of the auxiliary kings : but it is probable that the Poet did not care to be scrupulously accurate. He proposed to read :—

——Poleman and Amintus,
Of Lycaonia, and the king of Mede,"

which obviates all impropriety.

Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart;
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determined things to destiny
 Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome;
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
 Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make them ministers
 Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;¹
 And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off;
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,²
 That noises³ it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,
 Be ever known to patience; my dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Antony's Camp, near the Promontory
 of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke⁴ my being in these wars,
 And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

¹ This elliptical phrase is merely an expression of endearment addressed to Octavia—"Thou best of comfort to thy brother."

² *Regiment* is used for *regimen* or government, by most of our ancient writers.

³ Milton has used this uncommon verb in *Paradise Regained*, b. iv.

⁴ To *forespeak* here is to *speak against*, to *gainsay*, to *contradict*; as to *forbid* is to order negatively. The word had, however, the meaning, anciently, of to *charm* or *bewitch*, like *forbid* in *Macbeth*.

Cleo. If not¹ denounced against us, why should
not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply;
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely² lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in³ Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

¹ Steevens reads, "*Is't not? Denounce* against us, why," &c. Malone explains the reading of the old copy thus:—"If there be no particular denunciation against us, why should we not be there in person?" Mr Singer proposes to read, "*Is't* (i. e. the war) not denounced against us? Why should not we," &c.

² i. e. entirely.

³ Take, subdue.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that¹ he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well manned;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Engrossed by swift impress. In Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare;² yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-marked footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full manned, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,

¹ i. e. *cause* that, or that is the *cause*.

² *Yare* is *quick, nimble, ready*.

Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant.

Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
ENOBARBUS.

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't.¹ So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries² beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,³ as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

¹ "His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength (namely, his *land-force*), but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea."

² i. e. *passes* all belief.

³ Detachments, separate bodies.

Can. With news the time's with labor ; and throes
 forth,
 Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land ; keep whole :
 Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
 Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll.
 Our fortune lies upon this jump.¹ [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
 In eye of Cæsar's battle ; from which place
 We may the number of the ships behold,
 And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land-Army one way over the stage ; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught ! I can behold no longer.
 The Antoniad,² the Egyptian admiral,
 With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder ;
 To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

¹ i. e. this hazard.

² The *Antoniad*, Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle¹ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the tokened² pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred hag³ of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i'the midst o'the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appeared,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize⁴ upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld;
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loofed,⁵
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

¹ A *cantle* is a portion, a scantling, a fragment; it also signified a corner, and a quarter-piece of any thing. It is from the old French *chantil* or *eschantille*.

² The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*.

³ The old copy reads, "*ribaudred nag*," which was altered by Steevens and Malone into "*ribald-rid nag*," but quite unnecessarily. *Ribaudred* is *obscene*, indecent in words or acts. Thus Baret:—"A *ribaudrous* and filthy tongue; os obscænum et impudicum. *Ribaudrie*, villanie in actes or wordes, filthiuness, uncleanness." And in Horman's *Vulgaria*:—"Refrayne fro suche foule and *rebaudry* wordes." Mr. Tyrwhitt saw that the context required we should read *hag* instead of *nag*, which was an easy typographical error.

⁴ The *brize* is the *cæstrum*, or *galfly*, so troublesome to cattle in the summer months.

⁵ To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch.

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
night

Indeed. [*Aside.*]

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance¹ of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come hither.
I am so lated² in the world, that I
Have lost my way forever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone.
My treasure's in the harbor; take it.—O,

¹ "Wounded chance." This phrase is nearly of the same import as
"broken fortunes."

² Belated, benighted.

I followed that I blush to look upon.
 My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you shall
 Have letters from me to some friends, that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of loathness. Take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
 Which leaves itself. To the seaside straightway ;
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little ; 'pray you now ;
 Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,¹
 Therefore I pray you ;—I'll see you by-and-by.
[Sits down.]

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him ;—comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O, fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam ; O good empress !—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ;—he, at Philippi, kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer ;² while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I,
 That the mad Brutus ended : he alone

¹ "I have lost all power to *command* your absence."

² The meaning appears to be, that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. It is alluded to in *All's Well that Ends Well*: Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says :—

"I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
 Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
 Till honor be bought up, and no sword worn,
 But one to dance with."

Dealt on lieutenantry,¹ and no practice had
In the brave squares of war. Yet now—no matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
He is unqualitied² with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me ;—Oh !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;
Her head's declined, and death will seize her ; but³
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,⁴
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroyed in dishonor.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,
You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o' the world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror ; and that

¹ "Dealt on lieutenantry" probably means only "fought by proxy," made war by his lieutenants, or *on* the strength of his lieutenants.

² *Unqualitied* seems to mean here *unsoldiered* ; *quality* being used for *profession*.

³ *But* is here used in its exceptive sense.

⁴ "How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight."

My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates¹
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead;—
Some wine, within there, and our viands.—Fortune
knows

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Cæsar's Camp in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;²
An argument that he is plucked, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony.
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.³

Cæs. Be it so; declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens. This for him.

¹ Values.

² *Euphronius*, schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra.

³ "His grand sea" appears to mean the sea from which the dew-drop
is exhaled.

Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
 Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
 The circle¹ of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,²
 Or take his life there. This if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; despatch.
 From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,

[*To THYREUS.*]

And in our name, what she requires; add more,
 From thine invention, offers. Women are not,
 In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touched vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;³
 And what thou think'st his very action speaks
 In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.⁴

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

¹ The diadem, the crown.

² *Friend* here means *paramour*.

³ "Note how Antony conforms himself to this breach in his fortune."

⁴ To *think*, or *take thought*, was anciently synonymous with to *grieve*.

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nicked¹ his captainship. At such a point,
 When half to half the world opposed, he being
 The mered question;² 'twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo.

Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup.

Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
 Will yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant.

Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo.

That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
 Something particular. His coin, ships, legions
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declined,³ sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone. I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

¹ i. e. set the mark of folly upon it. So in the Comedy of Errors:—

“——— and the while

His man with scissors *nicks* him like a fool.”

² i. e. he being the *object* to which this great contention is *limited* or by which it is *bounded*.

³ His *gay comparisons* may mean those circumstances of splendor and power in which he, when *compared* with me, so much exceeds me. “I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,¹ Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are A parcel² of their fortunes; and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them, To suffer all alike. That he should dream, Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!— Against the blown rose may they stop their nose, That kneeled unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.³ [*Aside.* The loyalty, well held to fools, does make Our faith mere folly;—yet he that can endure To follow with allegiance a fallen lord, Does conquer him that did his master conquer, And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has; Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master Will leap to be his friend. For us, you know, Whose he is, we are; and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus, then, thou most renowned; Cæsar entreats, Not to consider in what case thou stand'st, Further than he is Cæsar.⁴

of our different fortunes may exhibit, but to answer me man to man in this decline of my age and power."

¹ i. e. be exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the public gaze.

² i. e. are of a piece with them.

³ To square is to quarrel.

⁴ Thus the second folio. The first folio has, "—— than he is

Cleo. Go on ; right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace¹ not Antony
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honor, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,
But conquered merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon ; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name ?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this in disputation,²

Cæsar's," which brings obscurity with it. We have a clear meaning in the present reading :—"Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar; that is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them." Malone thinks that the previous speech, which is given to Enobarbus, was intended for Cleopatra.

¹ Shakspeare probably wrote *embraced*.

² Warburton suggests that we should read, "in *deputation*," i. e. "as my deputy, say to great Cæsar this," &c. The old punctuation of this line has been altered in the modern editions: the passage has been made obscure by printing it thus :—

"Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conquering hand."

The following passage in King Henry IV. Part I. seems to support Warburton's emendation :—

"Of all the favorites that the absent king
In *deputation* left behind him here."

I kiss his conquering hand. Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, from his all-obeying¹ breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace² to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rained kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favors, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest³ man, and worthiest
To have command obeyed.

Eno. You will be whipped.

Ant. Approach, there;—Ay, you kite!—Now, gods
and devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried, *Ho!*
Like boys unto a muss,⁴ kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them

¹ i. e. breath which all obey. *Obeying for obeyed.*

² Grant me the favor.

³ The most complete and perfect.

⁴ A muss is a scramble.

So saucy with the hand of she here (what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?¹)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Tug him away; being whipped,
Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt* Attend., with THYREUS.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you.—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpresse^d in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?²

Cleo. Good my lord,——

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O, misery on't!) the wise gods seal³ our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriouly⁴ picked out.—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And pligh^ter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan,⁵ to out^roar

¹ Since she ceased to be Cleopatra.

² i. e. on *menials*. Servants are called *eaters* and *feeders* by several of our old dramatic writers.

³ Close up.

⁴ Wantonly.

⁵ This is an allusion, however improper, to the Psalms.

The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A haltered neck, which does the hangman thank
 For being yare¹ about him.—Is he whipped?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begged he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favor.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipped for following him: henceforth,
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment. Look, thou say,
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems
 Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit² me. Urge it thou;
 Hence, with thy stripes; begone. [*Exit THYREUS.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points?³

¹ i. e. ready, active.

² To requite me.

³ i. e. with a menial attendant. *Points* were the laces with which our ancestors fastened their trunk-hose.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines,¹ so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion² smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our severed navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,³ threatening most sealike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
Were nice⁴ and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy⁵ night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday.

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

¹ That is, as the hailstone *dissolves* or wastes away.

² Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

³ To *fleet* and to *float* were anciently synonymous.

⁴ *Nice* is here equivalent to *soft*, or *luxurious*.

⁵ Feast days in the colleges of either university, are called *gaudy* days, as they were formerly in the Inns of Court.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so; we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen;

There's sap in't yet.—The next time I do fight,

I'll make death love me; for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt ANT., CLEO., and Attendants.*]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,

The dove will peck the estridge;¹ and I see still,

A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart. When valor preys on reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek

Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS,
and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger

He hath whipped with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,

I have many other ways to die; mean time,

Laugh at his challenge.

Mec.

Cæsar must think,

¹ i. e. the estridge falcon.

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot¹ of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight.—Within our files there are
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBAREUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight; or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*²

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand;
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have served
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

¹ i. e. take advantage of.

² Let the survivor *take all*; no composition; victory or death.

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
shoots
Out of the mind. *[Aside.]*

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men ;
And all of you clapped up together in
An Antony ; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night.
Scant not my cups ; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;
May be, it is the period of your duty.
Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,
A mangled shadow ;¹ perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield² you for't !

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed ; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !³
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !
Grace grow where those drops fall !⁴ My hearty friends,

¹ " *Or if* you see me more, you will see me a *mangled shadow* ; only the external form of what I was."

² i. e. "God reward you."

³ Steevens thinks that this exclamation of Antony's means *stop*, or *desist*. *Ho!* was an interjection, frequently used as a command to desist or leave off. Mr. Boswell says, "These words may have been intended to express an hysterical laugh."

⁴ " *Here did she drop* a tear ; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace."

King Richard II.

You take me in too dolorous a sense.
 I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire you
 To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you,
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
 Than death and honor. Let's to supper ; come,
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Paluce.*

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night ; to-morrow is the day.
 2 *Sold.* It will determine one way ; fare you well !
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?
 1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news ?
 2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumor.
 Good night to you.
 1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
 Have careful watch.
 3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.
[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]
 4 *Sold.* Here we ; [*They take their posts ;*] and if
to-morrow
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.
 3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
 And full of purpose.
[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*]
 4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise ?
 1 *Sold.* List, list.
 2 *Sold.* Hark !
 1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.
 3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs¹ well,
Does't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.²

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

Sold. How now?
How now? do you hear this?

[*Several speaking together.*]

1 *Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content. 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN and others
attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armor, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armor,
Eros!

Enter EROS, with armor.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on.—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armorer of my heart.—False, false; this, this.

¹ i. e. it bodes well.

² This is from the old translation of Plutarch.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help ; thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well ;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow ?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly,¹ sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely ;

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire

More tight² at this, than thou ; despatch.—O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation ; thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee ; welcome.

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge ;

To business that we love, we rise betime,

And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,

Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.

This is a soldier's kiss ; rebukable, [*Kisses her*

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee

¹ That is, "quickly, sir."

² Tight is handy, adroit.

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.--Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and
Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight !

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Antony's *Camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS ; a Soldier
meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

Ant. 'Would thou and those thy scars had once
prevailed

To make me fight at land !

Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning ?

Sold. Who ?

One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou ?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone ?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings ;
Say, that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Despatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,
and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nooked world
Shall bear the olive freely.¹

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train*

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hanged him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

¹ The following passages illustrate this passage:—

“Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,
And we shall shock them.” *King John.*

“There is not now a rebel’s sword unsheathed,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.”
King Henry VI. Part II.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus;
I tell you true. Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. *[Exit Soldier]*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows¹ my heart.
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No; I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII. *Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA
and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far;
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression²
Exceeds what we expected. *[Exeunt.]*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!

¹ "This generosity (says Enobarbus) swells my heart, so that it will quickly break, if *thought* break it not."

² "Our *oppression*" means the force by which we are *oppressed* or overpowered.

Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes;¹ I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.²—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's.
Enter the city; clip your wives, your friends:
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears

¹ The hole in a bench, *ad levandum alrum*.

² Antony, after his success, intends, to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra.

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honored gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;
[To SCARUS

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy¹ I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine armed neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness² to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords !
O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare³ uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ? though
gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.⁴ Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand ;—
Kiss it, my warrior.—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hacked targets like the men that owe them.⁵
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,

¹ *Fairy*, in former times, did not signify only a diminutive, imaginary being, but an *enchanter*.

² i. e. armor of proof (*harnois*, Fr. ; *arnese*, Ital.).

³ i. e. the war.

⁴ At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal* ; to win a *goal* is to be superior in a contest of activity.

⁵ "With spirit and exultation, such as become the brave warriors that own them."

Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;¹
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard.² The night
 Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was
 A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this ?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repent!—

1 Sold. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night disponge³ upon me :
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
 Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular ;
 But let the world rank me in register

¹ *Tabourines* were small drums.

² The guard room.

³ Discharge.

A master-leaver, and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.

2 *Sold.*

Let's speak

To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.*

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.*

Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 *Sold.*

Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught¹ him.

Hark, the drums

[*Drums afar off.*

Demurely² wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note. Our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [*Exeunt, with the body.*

SCENE X. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar.

For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven. Let's seek a spot,³
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavor.⁴ [*Exeunt.*

¹ *Raught* is the ancient preterit of the verb to *reach*.

² *Demurely* for *solemnly*.

³ Some words appear to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy which Malone has supplied by the phrase "Let's seek a spot." Rowe supplied the omission by the words "Further on."

⁴ "Where we may but discover their *numbers*, and see their *motions*."

Enter CÆSAR and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But¹ being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not joined. Where yonder pine
does stand,
I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augures²
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight. Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turned whore!³ 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;

¹ But, in its exceptive sense, for *be out*, i. e. *without*. Steevens has adduced a passage from the MS. Romance of Guillaume de Palerne, in the Library of King's Coll., Cambridge, in which the orthography almost explains the word:—

“I sayle now in the see as schip *boute* mast,
Boute anker, or ore, or any semlych sayle.”

² The old copy reads *auguries*. *Augurs*, the plural of *augur*, was anciently spelled *augures*, which we should read here, and not *augurers*, substituted by Malone.

³ Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly, begone.

[*Exit* SCARUS

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this !—The hearts
That spanieled¹ me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is barked,
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O this false soul of Egypt ! This grave charm²
Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them home ;
Whose bosom was my crownet,³ my chief end,
Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,⁴
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros !

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love ?

Ant. Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians ;
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits ;⁵ and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well
thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live ; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—

¹ The old editions read *pannell'd*. *Spanieled* is the happy emendation of sir Thomas Hamner.

² "This grave charm" probably means this deadly or destructive piece of witchcraft.

³ "That which I looked to as the reward or crown of my endeavors."

⁴ The allusion is to the game of *fast and loose*, or *pricking at the bell or girdle*, still practised by juggling cheats at fairs, and which was practised by the gypsies in Shakspeare's time.

⁵ i. e. for the smallest pieces of money. The old copy reads, "for doits ;" and, at Mr. Tyrwhitt's suggestion, Steevens reads, "to doits."

The shirt of Nessus is upon me. Teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasped the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot; she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon¹ for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so embossed.²

Char. To the monument;
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
 Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
 To the monument. [Exeunt.

SCENE XII. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;

¹ i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armor of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*.

² When a hunted animal is so hard run that it foams at the mouth, it is said to be *embossed*.

A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros.

Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns,¹ and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros.

It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave² Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body. Here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Packed cards³ with Cæsar, and false played my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony ; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips. She rendered life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

Ant.

Dead, then ?

Mar.

Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done,
 And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
 Does pay thy labor richly ; go.—Off, pluck off ;—
 [Exit MARDIAN.]

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
 The battery from my heart.¹ O, cleave my sides !
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,²
 Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
 No more a soldier.—Bruised pieces, go ;
 You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—
 [Exit EROS.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is torture.³ Since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labor
 Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength. Seal, then, and all is done.—
 Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant.

Since Cleopatra died,
 I lived in such dishonor, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword

¹ "The battery from my heart," means "the battery *proceeding from* my heart.

² i. e. the thing that contains thee.

³ Steevens thinks that the Poet wrote *life*, and not *length*. But *length* may signify *extension or protraction of life*.

Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind¹
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come, (which now
 Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't; the time is come.
 Thou strik'st not me; 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put color in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. *Eros,*
 Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with pleached² arms, bending down
 His corrigible³ neck, his face subdued
 To penetrative shame; whilst the wheeled seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?⁴

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be
 cured.
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
 then
 To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
 Or thy precedent services are all
 But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

¹ The termination *bly* is often written *ble* by old writers, and is frequently to be found so in Shakspeare. To *mind* or *purpose* is a verb extensively used in former times.

² i. e. arms folded.

³ *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*.

⁴ "Branded with baseness the poor wretch that followed."

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there, then.—[Falls on his sword.] Thus
do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[Falling on his sword.]

I learned of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—

The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an
end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and wo!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw

(Which never shall be found) you did suspect

She hath disposed¹ with Cæsar, and that your rage

Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;

But, fearing, since, how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed.—Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra 'bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live
to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

¹ i. e. arranged with him, agreed with him.

To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII. *The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportioned to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O, thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!¹—Darkling
stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony, Antony,
Antony!

Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help; help, friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant.

Peace.

¹ It should be remembered that, according to the old philosophy, the sun was accounted a planet, and thought to be whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. Supposing this consumed, the sun must wander in endless space, and the earth be involved in endless night.

Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses, the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken;¹ not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooched² with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion,³ shall acquire no honor
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!⁴—How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet, come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw ANTONY up.*

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast lived.
Quickened⁵ with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

¹ Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony.

² *Brooched* here must mean *ornamented, adorned*.

³ "Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution."

⁴ Cleopatra, by these words, seems to contrast the melancholy task in which they are now engaged with their former sports.

⁵ i. e. *revive by my kiss*.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen.
Of Cæsar seek your honor with your safety.—O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at ; but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest ; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now, my spirit is going,
I can no more. [Dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord !—
O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen ;¹ young boys and girls
Are level now with men ; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints]

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead, too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,——

Iras. Madam,——

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt !
Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

¹ That is, their *standard* or rallying point is thrown down.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman;¹ and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares.²—It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
 My noble girls!—Ah women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take heart.

[*To the Guard below.*

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come away;
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S
 body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GAL-
 LUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;

¹ Iras has just said, "Royal Egypt, *empress!*" Cleopatra completes the sentence (without taking notice of the intervening words of Charmian), *empress* "No more; but e'en a woman," now on a level with the meanest of my sex. The old copy reads "but *in* a woman." Dr. Johnson made the correction.

² i. e. task-work. The word is in vulgar use pronounced as if it were *chore*.

Being so frustrate,¹ tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am called Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served; whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,²
And citizens to their dens.—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

¹ *Frustrate*, for *frustrated*, was the language of Shakspeare's time. The two last words in this line, *us by*, are not in the old copy, in which something seems omitted, and these words were supplied by Malone.

² The passage is thus arranged in the old copy:—

“The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens.”

The second line is evidently defective. What is lost may be supplied by conjecture, thus:—

“—— The round world *convulsive*.”

Johnson thought that there was a line lost; and Steevens proposed to read:—

“A greater crack *than this*: The ruined world,” &c.

Malone thought that the passage might have stood originally thus:—

“—— The round world should have shook;
Thrown hungry lions into civil streets,” &c.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
 Not by a public minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ;
 I robbed his wound of it ; behold it stained
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.¹

Agr. And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honors
 Waged² equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touched.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
 He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !
 I have followed thee to this ;—but we do lance³
 Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine : we could not stall together
 In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
 That thou, my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his⁴ thoughts did kindle—that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should divide

¹ "May the gods rebuke me *if this be not* tidings to make kings weep." But again in its exceptive sense.

² *Waged* here must mean to be *opposed*, as equal stakes in a wager unless we suppose that *weighed* is meant. The second folio reads *way*.

³ *Launch*, the word in the old copy, is only the obsolete spelling of *lance*.

⁴ *His* for *its*.

Our equalness to this.¹—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him ;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet.² The queen, my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honorable³ and how kindly we
Determine for her ; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame ; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph.⁴ Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ? [*Exit GALLUS.*

Ag. Mec. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see

¹ That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree, to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.

² i. e. "yet a subject of the queen of Egypt."

³ It has been before observed that the termination *ble* was anciently often used for *bly*.

⁴ "If I send her *in triumph to Rome*, her memory and my glory will be eternal."

How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings. Go with me, and see
 What I can show in this.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA,¹ CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
 A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
 Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,²
 A minister of her will. And it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung ;
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.³

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS,
 GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt ;
 And bids thee study on what fair demands
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but
 I do not greatly care to be deceived,
 That have no use for trusting. If your master
 Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must
 No less beg than a kingdom. If he please
 To give me conquered Egypt for my son,

¹ The Poet here has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building.

² Servant.

³ Voluntary death (says Cleopatra) is an act which bolts up change ; it produces a state which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

He gives me so much of mine own, as I¹
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer,
You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid² for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneeled to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.³ I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised;

[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend
the monument by a ladder placed against a
window, and, having descended, come behind
CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and
open the gates.*⁴

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit
GALLUS.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro.

Hold, worthy lady, hold.

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

¹ Masen would change *as I*, to *and I*; but I have shown in another place that *as* was used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for *that*.

² *Praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.

³ By these words, Cleopatra means—"In yielding to him, I only give him that honor which he himself achieved."

⁴ There is no stage direction in the old copy; that which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of Plutarch.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betrayed.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself. Let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,
(If idle talk will once be necessary;¹)
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides² my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,

¹ It should be remembered that *once* is used as *once for all* by Shakespeare. The meaning of this line, which is evidently parenthetical, appears to be, "Once for all, if idle talk be necessary about my purposes."

² *Pyramides* is so written and used as a quadrisyllable by Sandys and by Drayton.

And he hath sent for thee. For the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best ; be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please

[*To CLEOPATRA.*

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo.

Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams ;
Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamed there was an emperor Antony.
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck
A sun and moon ; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.¹

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean : his reared arm
Crested the world ;² his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like ; they showed his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery
Walked crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands were
As plates³ dropped from his pocket.

¹ Shakspeare uses O for an orb or circle.

² Dr. Percy thinks that "this is an allusion to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet." *To crest is to surmount.*

³ *Plates* means *silver money*. In heraldry, the *roundlets* in an escutcheon, if *or*, or yellow, are called *besants* ; if *argents*, or white, *plates*.

Dol. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamed of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie ¹ strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,——

Dol. Though he be honorable,——

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way there!—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels

Cæs. You shall not kneel.——

Arise,

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

which are round, flat pieces of silver money, perhaps without any stamp or impress.

¹ To vie here has its metaphorical sense of to contend in rivalry.

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts.
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project¹ mine own cause so well
To make it clear ; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world ; 'tis yours :
and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possessed of : 'tis exactly valued ;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus ?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel² my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

¹ To project is to delineate, to shape, to form.

² To seel hawks was the technical term for sewing up their eyes.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O behold How pomp is followed ! Mine will now be yours ; And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine. The ingratitude of this Seleucus does Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust Than love that's hired !—What, goest thou back ; thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes, Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog ! O rarely base !¹

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ; That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honor of thy lordliness To one so meek, that mine own servant should Parcel the sum of my disgraces by Addition of his envy !² Say, good Cæsar, That I some lady trifles have reserved, Immoment toys, things of such dignity As we greet modern³ friends withal ; and say, Some nobler token I have kept apart For Livia, and Octavia, to induce Their mediation ; must I be unfolded With⁴ one that I have bred ? The gods ! it smites me Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence ;

[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits Through the ashes of my chance.⁵—Wert thou a man, Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs.

Forbear, Seleucus

[Exit SELEUCUS]

¹ i. e. base in an uncommon degree.

² "That this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice."

³ i. e. common, ordinary.

⁴ *With* is here used with the power of *by*

⁵ i. e. fortune.

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought
For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits¹ in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i'the roll of conquest : still be it yours ;
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheered ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons :² no, dear queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; and so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs.

Not so ; adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not
Be noble to myself ; but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char.

Behold, sir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN

Cleo.

Dolabella ?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,

¹ i. e. we answer for that which others have *merited* by their trans-
gressions.

² "Be not a prisoner in imagination."

I tell you this. Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this ; I have performed
Your p'easeure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol.

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOL.*] Now,
Iras, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I ; mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be unclouded,
And forced to drink their vapor.

Iras.

The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune ; the quick¹ comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandria revels. Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy² my greatness
P' the posture of a whore.

Iras.

O the good gods !

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo.

Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd³ intents.—Now, Charmian ?—

¹ i. e. the lively or quick-witted comedians.

² It has been already observed that the parts of females were played by boys on our ancient stage.

³ Absurd here means unmeet, unfitting, unreasonable.

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen.—Go fetch
 My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
 To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah,¹ Iras, go.—
 Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch, indeed.
 And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
 To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
 Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
 That will not be denied your highness' presence;
 He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How² poor an instrument
 [*Exit Guard.*]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
 My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
 Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
 I am marble-constant; now the fleeting³ moon
 No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]
 Hast thou the pretty worm⁴ of Nilus there,
 That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be the

Sirrah was not anciently an appellation either reproachful or injurious; being applied, with a sort of playful kindness, to children, friends, and servants, and what may seem more extraordinary, as in the present case, to women. It is nothing more than the exclamation, Sir, ha! and we sometimes find it in its primitive form, "*A syr a*, there said you wel." The *Heus tu* of Plautus is rendered, by an old translator, *Ha Sirra*.

² The first folio has "*What* poor an instrument."

³ *Fleeting*, or flitting, is *changeable*, *inconstant*.

⁴ *Worm* is used by our old writers to signify a *serpent*. The word is pure Saxon, and is still used in the north in the same sense. The *worm of Nile* was the asp of the ancients, which Dr. Shaw says is wholly unknown to us.

party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.¹

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman; I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more

¹ i. e. act according to his nature.

The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—
 Yare, yare,¹ good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
 Antony call; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come.
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire, and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
 Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?²
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may
 say,

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo.

This proves me base.

If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
 Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
 [To the asp, which she applies to her breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
 Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
 Unpoliced!³

Char. O Eastern star!

Cleo.

Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep!

¹ i. e. be nimble, be ready. See Act iii. Sc. 5.

² Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, to account for her falling so soon.

³ i. e. an ass without more wit or policy than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby defeat his own purpose.

Char. O break ! O break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too ;—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed and dies.*

Char. In this wild world ?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death ! in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled.—Downy windows, close ;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent——

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies the asp.*

O, come ; apace, despatch ; I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho ! All's not well ; Cæsar's
beguiled.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ;—call
him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here ?—Charmian, is this
well done ?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier ! [*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here ?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this. Thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there ! a way for Cæsar !

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last.
She levelled at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poisoned, then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropped.

Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallowed poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown.¹
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-
leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions² infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

¹ i. e. swelled, puffed.

² To pursue conclusions is to try experiments.

A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.

THIS play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others. The most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition.

JOHNSON.

CYMBELINE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE general scheme of the plot of *Cymbeline* is formed on the ninth novel of the second day in the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio. It appears, from the preface of the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in folio in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately. A deformed and interpolated imitation of the novel in question, was printed at Antwerp, by John Dusborowghe, as early as 1518, under the following title:—"This matter treateth of a merchauntes wife that afterwarde wente lyke a man and became a greate lorde, and was called Frederyke of Jennen afterwarde." It exhibits the material features of its original, though the names of the characters are changed, their sentiments debased, and their conduct rendered still more improbable than in the scenes of *Cymbeline*. A book was published in London in 1603, called "*Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of mad merry western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit like Bell-clappers they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you: Written by Kitt of Kingstone.*" It was again printed in 1620. To the second tale in this work Shakspeare seems to have been indebted for the circumstances in his plot, of Imogen's wandering about, after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken at a subsequent period into the service of the Roman general as a page. But time may yet bring to light some other modification of the story, which will prove more exactly conformable to the plot of the play.

Malone supposes *Cymbeline* to have been written in the year 1609. The king, from whom the play takes its title, began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of *Cymbeline's* reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era; notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians—Philario, Iachimo, &c. *Cymbeline* is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. Tenantius (who is mentioned in the first

scene) was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain, who agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son, was established on the throne, of which he and his elder brother Androgeus, who fled to Rome, had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed, who furnished our Poet with these facts, furnished him also with the name of Sicilius, who was admitted king of Britain, A. M. 3659.

Schlegel pronounces Cymbeline to be "one of Shakspeare's most wonderful compositions," in which the Poet "has contrived to blend together into one harmonious whole, the social manners of the latest times with heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen not a feature of female excellence is forgotten: her chaste tenderness, her softness, and her virgin pride, her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband, by whom she is unjustly persecuted; her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery,—form, all together, a picture equally tender and affecting.

"The two princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. In these two young men, to whom the chase has given vigor and hardihood, but who are unacquainted with their high destination, and have always been kept far from human society, we are enchanted by a *naïve* heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valor, till an occasion is offered which they are irresistibly impelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship, with all the innocence of childhood, for the tender boy, (in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister;) when, on returning from the chase, they find her dead, sing her to the ground, and cover the grave with flowers;—these scenes might give a new life for poetry to the most deadened imagination."

"The wise and virtuous Belarius, who, after living long as a hermit, again becomes a hero, is a venerable figure; the dexterous dissimulation and quick presence of mind of the Italian Iachimo, is quite suitable to the bold treachery he plays; Cymbeline, the father of Imogen, and even her husband Posthumus, during the first half of the piece, are somewhat sacrificed, but this could not be otherwise; the false and wicked queen is merely an instrument of the plot; she and her stupid son Cloten, whose rude arrogance is portrayed with much humor, are got rid of by merited punishment before the conclusion."

Steevens objects to the character of Cloten, in a note on the fourth act of the play, observing that "he is represented at once as brave and

dastardly, civil and brutish, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in Hamlet, and the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet." It should, however, be observed, that Imogen has justly defined him "that *irregular* devil Cloten;" and Miss Seward, in one of her Letters, assures us, that, singular as the character of Cloten may appear, it is the exact prototype of a being she once knew. "The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of voice; the bustling insignificance; the fever-and-ague fits of valor; the froward tetchiness; the unprincipled malice; and, what is most curious, those occasional gleams of good sense, amidst the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain, and which, in the character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity in character—but in the sometime Captain C——n, I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature."

In the development of the plot of this play, the Poet has displayed such consummate skill, and such minute attention to the satisfaction of the most anxious and scrupulous spectator, as to afford a complete refutation of Johnson's assertion, that Shakspeare usually hurries over the conclusion of his pieces.

There is little conclusive evidence to ascertain the date of the composition of this play; but Malone places it in the year 1609. Dr. Drake after Chalmers, has ascribed it to the year 1605.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of*
 ARVIRAGUS, } *Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*

IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario,* }

A French Gentleman, *Friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*

A Roman Captain. *Two British Captains.*

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Two Jailers

Queen, *Wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Sooth-sayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy*



CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gentleman.* You dó not meet a man but frowns ;
our bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers,
Still seem, as does the king's.¹

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter ?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son, (a widow
That late he married,) hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded ,
Her husband banished ; she imprisoned : all
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king
Be touched at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king ?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too ; so is the queen,
That most desired the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent

¹ "Our bloods [i. e. our *dispositions* or *temperaments*] are not more regulated by the heavens, *by every skyey influence*, than our courtiers are by the *disposition* of the king : when he frowns, every man frowns." In some editions, a different meaning is conveyed, by placing a semicolon after the word courtiers.

Of the king's locks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath missed the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banished,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.¹

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honor²
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius,³ whom
He served with glory and admired success.
So gained the sur-addition, Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered; and
In his spring became a harvest; lived in court

¹ i. e. you praise him extensively.

² Perhaps, says Steevens, Shakspeare wrote:—

“———— did join his banner.”

³ The father of Cymbeline.

(Which rare it is to do) most praised, most loved;
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
 A glass that feated¹ them; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,²
 From whom he now is banished,—her own price
 Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honor him
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so conveyed!
 So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear; here comes the queen
 and princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me,
 daughter,

¹ *Feate* is *well-fashioned*, proper, trim, handsome, well-compact (*concinuus*). *Feature* was also used for *fashion* or proportion. The verb *to feat* was probably formed by Shakspeare himself.

² "To his mistress," means *as to his mistress*.

After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-eyed unto you ; you are my prisoner, but
 Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
 You leaned unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barred affections ; though the king
 Hath charged you should not speak together.
[Exit Queen.
O,

Imo.
 Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing
 (Always reserved my holy duty)¹ what
 His rage can do on me. You must be gone ;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
 O lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man ! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome at one Philario's ;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

¹ "I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty."

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—Yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*

To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences.¹ [Exit

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little ;
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up² my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*

While sense³ can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this ;
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Imo. O the gods !
When shall we see again ?

¹ "He gives me a valuable consideration in new kindness (purchasing, as it were, the wrong I have done him), in order to renew our amity, and make us friends again."

² Shakspeare poetically calls the *cerc-cloths*, in which the dead are wrapped, the *bonds of death*. There was no distinction in ancient orthography between *seare*, to dry, to wither ; and *seare*, to dress or cover with wax. *Cerc-cloth* is most frequently spelled *seare-cloth*.

³ i. e. while I have sensation to retain it.

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair¹ my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!²

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation: I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare³
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.⁴

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

¹ i. e. *renovate* my youth, make me young again. "To *repare* (according to Baret) is to restore to the first state, to renew."

² Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:—

"——— thou heapest *many*
A year's age on me!"

Some such emendation seems necessary.

³ "A touch more rare" is "a more exquisite feeling."

⁴ A *puttock* is a mean, degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training.

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus.
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.¹

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir; Heaven restore me!—'Would
I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together; you have done

[*To the Queen.*

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience;—peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.²

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way;
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather played than fought,
And had no help of anger. They were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

¹ "My worth is not half equal to his."

² *Advice* is consideration, reflection.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honor,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me; you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard. For this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the
violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice.
Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad
so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have
I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside*

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt; it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be
not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the back-
side the town.

[*Aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord*. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside*.]

1 *Lord*. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord*. As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies! [*Aside*.]

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord*. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside*.]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord*. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside*.]

1 *Lord*. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.¹

2 *Lord*. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside*.]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord*. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside*.]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord*. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail; if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

¹ "Her beauty and her sense are not equal." To understand the force of this idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath.

As offered mercy is.¹ What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kissed it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—

And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear²
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; cracked
them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space³ had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turned mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.⁴

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honor; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then

¹ "Its loss would be as fatal as the loss of intended mercy to a condemned criminal."

² The old copy reads, "*his eye or ear.*"

³ *The diminution of space is the diminution of which space is the cause.*

⁴ Opportunity.

I am in heaven for him ;¹ or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
 Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatched.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*²

Iach. Believe it, sir. I have seen him in Britain ; he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of ; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration ; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes³ him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France ; we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value,

¹ i. e. "to meet me with reciprocal prayer, for then my solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf."

² This enumeration of persons is from the old copy ; but the two last are mute characters.

³ i. e. *accomplishes* him.

than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.¹

French. And then his banishment :—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colors, are wonderfully to extend² him ; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more³ quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you ? How creeps acquaintance ?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman ; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone⁴ my countryman and you ; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance⁵ of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller ; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences ;⁶ but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend

¹ "Words him—a great deal from the matter," makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

² i. e. to magnify his good qualities.

³ The old copy reads, *less*.

⁴ i. e. reconcile.

⁵ Importance is *importunity*.

⁶ "Rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of others, than to be guided by their experience."

not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded¹ one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.²

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe³ she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

¹ i. e. *destroyed*.

² *Friend and lover* were formerly synonymous.

³ The old copy reads, "I could not believe she excelled many." Mr Heath proposed to read, "I could *but* believe," &c. The emendation in the text is Malone's.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken. The one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince¹ the honor of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy seignior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused² in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

¹ i. e. overcome.

² i. e. deceived.

Post. A repulse ; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more ; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbor's, on the approbation¹ of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail ?

Iach. Yours ; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend,² and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches ;³ and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you ?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return.—Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking ; I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours ;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

¹ i. e. proof.

² i. e. lover.

³ "I know what I have said ; I said no more than I meant"

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt POST. and IACH.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Seignior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam; [*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
 That our great king himself doth woo me oft
 For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
 (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
 That I did amplify my judgment in
 Other conclusions?¹ I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
 To try the vigor of them, and apply
 Allayments to their act; and by them gather
 Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness,
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
 Will I first work; he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
 Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
 But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—
 [*To PISANIO.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think
 she has
 Strange, lingering poisons; I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damned nature. Those she has,
 Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
 Then afterward up higher; but there is
 No danger in what show of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,

¹ *Conclusions are experiments.*

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fooled
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench;¹ and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is; to shift his being;²
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?³
Who cannot be new-built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a box; PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor.
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeemed from death; I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on;⁴ but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,

¹ i. e. grow cool.

² To change his abode.

³ That *inclines* towards its fall.

⁴ "Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service." It has been proposed to read:—

"Think what a chance thou *chancest* on;"

and,

"Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on."

But there seems to be no necessity for alteration.

Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women;
 Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*—A sly and con-
 stant knave;
 Not to be shaken; the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers¹ for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humor, shall be assured

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done.
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do;²
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banished;—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable

¹ A *lieger* ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master's interest.

² Some words, which rendered this sentence less abrupt, and perfected the metre of it, appear to have been omitted in the old copies.

Is the desire that's glorious.¹ Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[*Aside.*

If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness, be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *He is one of the noblest note, to
whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*²

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop

¹ Imogen's sentiment appears to be, "Had I been stolen by thieves in my infancy, I had been happy. But how pregnant with misery is that station which is called *glorious*, and so much desired."

² The old copy reads, *trust*. The emendation was suggested by Mason; is defended by Steevens; and opposed by Malone.

Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinned stones
Upon the numbered beach?¹ and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows² the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favor, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.³

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both filled and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—'Beseech you, sir,
desire [To PISANIO.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.⁴

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech
you?

Iach. Well, madam.

¹ We must either believe that the Poet, by "*numbered beach*," means "*numerous beach*," or else that he wrote "*th' unnumbered beach*;" which, indeed, seems most probable.

² To *mow* or *moe*, is to make mouths.

³ Iachimo has shown how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favor of Imogen; comparing her with the supposititious present mistress of Posthumus, he proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. Desire (says he) when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with such *neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, would vomit emptiness, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object.

⁴ i. e. he is a *foreigner*, and *foolish*, or *silly*.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome. He is called
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces¹
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but Heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet Heaven's bounty towards him
might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;²
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me. What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

¹ We have the same expression in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598:—"Furnaceth the universal sighes and complaints of this transposed world."

² "If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable."

Iach. Lamentable ! What !
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies ; or, timely knowing,¹
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.²

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ; should I (damned then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood,³ (falsehood, as
With labor ;) then lie peeping in an eye, ,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce

¹ It seems probable that *knowing* is here an error of the press for *known*.

² "The information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold." The allusion is to horsemanship.

³ *Hard* with *falsehood* is hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands.

The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my
heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery,¹
Would make the greatest king double ! to be partnered
With tomboys,² hired with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield ! with diseased ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boiled stuff,³
As well might poison poison ! Be revenged ;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged !

How should I be revenged ? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be revenged ?

Iach. Should he make me

Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets ;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honorable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.

¹ *Empery* is a word signifying *sovereign command* ; now obsolete.

² We still call a forward or rude hoyden a *tomboy*. But our ancestors seem to have used the term for a wanton.

³ This alludes to an ancient process of scalding, or parboiling, to cure a certain disease. See Randle Holme, *Storehouse of Armory*, b. 3. p. 441.

'Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honor; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!—
 The king, my father, shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish¹ stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assured credit!—Blessed live you long!
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country called his! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er. And he is one
 The truest mannered; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him;
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo.

You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god;
 He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
 To try your taking of a false report; which hath
 Honored with confirmation your great judgment
 In the election of a sir so rare,
 Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for
 yours.

¹ *Romish* for *Roman* was the phrasology of Shakspeare's age.
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Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing,¹) have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France. 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,²
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honor for their safety. Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I crossed the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam;
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

¹ "You are so great you would faine march in fieldes,
That world should judge you *feathers of one wing*."
Churchyard's Warning to Wanderers, 1593

² See note 4, p. 237, ante.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You are very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court before Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack upon an upcast,¹ to be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on't. And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [Aside.]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha ?

2 Lord. No, my lord ; nor [Aside] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ?
Would he had been one of my rank !

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool.² [Aside.]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—
A pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen, my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

¹ He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed ; he who is nearest to it wins. "To kiss the jack" is a state of great advantage. The expression is of frequent occurrence in the old comedies. The *jack* is also called the *mistress*.

² The same quibble has occurred in *As You Like It*.

2 *Lord*. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.¹ [*Aside*.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord*. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion² that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't?

2 *Lord*. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside*.

1 *Lord*. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord*. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord*. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord*. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside*.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord*.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed;

¹ That is, in other words, you are a *corcomb*.

² The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt.

A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make ! The Heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honor ; keep unshaked
 That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou mayst stand,
 To enjoy thy banished lord, and this great land !
 [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber ; in one part of it a trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her bed ; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then ; mine eyes are
 weak.—

Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed ;
 Take not away the taper ; leave it burning ;
 And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
 I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.
 [Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods !
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech ye !

[Sleeps. IACHIMO, *from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabored sense
 Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes,¹ ere he wakened
 The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! Fresh lily !
 And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
 But kiss ; one kiss !—Rubies unparagoned,
 How dearly they do't !—'Tis her breathing that

¹ It was anciently the custom to strew chambers with rushes.

Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,
 To see the inclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows; white and azure, laced
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.¹—But my design?
 To note the chamber.—I will write all down;—
 Such, and such, pictures;—there the window;—such
 The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such;—and the contents o' the story,—
 Ay, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner movables
 Would testify to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have picked the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honor. No more.—To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus;² here the leaf's turned down,
 Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough;
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!³—that dawning

¹ Warburton wished to read:—

“—— White *with* azure laced,
 The blue of heaven's own tinct.”

But there is no necessity for change. By *azure* our ancestors understood not a dark blue, but a light glaucous color, a tinct or effusion of a blue color.

² *Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure, 4to. 1576. The story is related in Ovid, *Metam.* l. vi.; and by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, b. v. fol. 113, b.

³ The task of drawing the chariot of Night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness.

May bare the raven's eye. I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III. *An Antechamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o'mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue, too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent, good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced¹ flowers that lies;*

¹ The morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. The cup of the flower is called the *calix*; whence *chalice*.

*And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better ;¹ if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the voice of of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ?

Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assailed her with music ; but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him. Some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits ; and be friended
With aptness of the season.² Make denials
Increase your services ; so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ? not so.

¹ i. e. I will pay you more amply for it.

² "With solicitations not only proper, but well timed."

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lueius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his. We must receive him
According to the honor of his sender ;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.¹—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt Cym., Queen, Lords, and Mess.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho !—
[*Knocks*

I know her women are about her ; what
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false² themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man killed, and saves the thief ;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me ; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks ?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure ?

¹ That is, we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness heretofore shown to us.

² False is not here an adjective, but a verb.

Clo. Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest sister; your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble. The thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me.
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me. P'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.¹

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin!
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.²

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal;³ and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,

¹ i. e. "a man of your knowledge, being taught forbearance, should learn it."

² This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him a fool. The meaning implied is this:—"If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be." "Fools are not mad folks."

³ i. e. so *verbose*, so full of talk.

By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself,) I hate you ; which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none ;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figured knot ;¹
Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding² for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom ; thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues,³ to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferred so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !
Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio ?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment ? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently.—

¹ In knots of their own tying.

² A low fellow only fit to wear a livery.

³ "If you were to be dignified only in comparison to your virtues, the under-hangman's place is too good for you."

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,¹
Frighted, and angered worse.—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*

Clo. You have abused me.—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too.
She's my good lady;² and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be revenged.—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir. I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honor
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish

¹ i. e. haunted by a fool as by a *spright*.

² This is said ironically. "My good lady" is equivalent to "my good friend."

That warmer days would come : in these feared hopes
I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpay all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus. Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly ; and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or¹ look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist² though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers,³ they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See ! Iachimo !

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land ;
And winds of all the corners kissed your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have looked upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best ; or let her beauty

¹ Or stands here for *ere*. Respecting the *tribute* here alluded to, see the *Preliminary Remarks*.

² i. e. *statesman*.

³ That is, "to those who try them." The old copy, by a common typographical error in the preceding line, has *wingled* instead of *mingled*.

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?¹

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approached.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

¹ This speech is given to Posthumus in the old copy. It was transferred to Philario at the suggestion of Steevens.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,¹) it was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swelled above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride; a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wondered,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was²——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honor injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing. Never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb;³ outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing

¹ i. e. "that which was well worth watching or lying awake [for]." See the preceding scene.

² Mason proposes to read:—

"*Such* the true life on't was."

It is a typographical error easily made; and the emendation deserves a place in the text.

³ i. e. so near speech. The meaning of the latter part of the sentence is; "The *sculptor* was as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but breath and motion. In *breath* is included *speech*."

Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted. Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.¹

Post. This is her honor !—
Let it be granted you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*]
Be pale ;² I beg but leave to air this jewel. See !—
And now 'tis up again : it must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove !—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that.
She stripped it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enriched it too. She gave it me, and said
She prized it once.

Post. May be, she plucked it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you ? doth she ?

Post. O, no, no, no ; 'tis true. Here, take this too ;
[*Gives the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honor,
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing.—
O above measure false !

¹ The transverse or horizontal pieces, upon which the wood was supported, were what Shakspeare here calls the *brands* ; properly *brandirons*.

² The meaning seems to be, "If you ever can be pale—be *pale* now with *jealousy*."

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won.
It may be probable she lost it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true ;
And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring ;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure
She would not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn¹ and honorable.—They induced to steal it !
And by a stranger ?—No, he hath enjoyed her.
The cognizance² of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !

Phi. Sir, be patient.
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't ;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kissed it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

¹ It was anciently the custom for the servants of great families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office.

² The badge, the token, the visible proof.

Post. Spare your arithmetic ; never count the turns :
Once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !
I will go there, and do't ; i' the court ; before
Her father.—I'll do something—— [Exit.]

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience !—You have won.
Let's follow him, and pervert¹ the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers ? We are bastards all ;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped ; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit. Yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time ; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance ;
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,
And prayed me, oft, forbearance ; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warmed old Saturn ; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunned snow.—O, all the devils !—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
Or less,—at first. Perchance he spoke not ; but,

¹ i. e. avert his wrath from himself ; prevent him from injuring himself in his rage.

Like a full-acorned boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *Oh!* and mounted; found no opposition
But what he looked for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all.
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III.SCENE I. Britain. *A Room of State in
Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at
one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and
Attendants.*

Cym. Now say what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,

And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untendered.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
(The first that ever touched him,) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked
As easily 'gainst our rocks; for joy whereof,
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O giglot¹ fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid.
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other
of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such
straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan; I do not say I am one; but I

¹ A *giglot* was a strumpet. The Poet has transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. See *Holinshed*, book iii. ch. xiii.

have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swelled so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,) against all color,¹ here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off;
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordained our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius made
our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and called
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee; look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him;² of him I gathered honor;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance.³ I am perfect,⁴

¹ i. e. without any pretence of right.

² Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinshed.

³ i. e. at the extremity of defiance. So in Helyas Knight of the Swanne, bk. i. no date:—"Here is my gage to sustain it to the utterance, and befigh it to the death."

⁴ Well-informed.

That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
 Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold.
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc.

Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day or two longer. If you seek us after-
 wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water
 girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall
 in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for
 you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine;
 All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
 O master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
 (As poisonous-tongued, as handed) hath prevailed
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No.
 She's punished for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in¹ some virtue.—O my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.²—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,

¹ To take in is to conquer.

² Thy mind, compared to hers, is now as low as thy condition was compared to hers. According to modern notions of grammatical construction, it should be, "thy mind to hers."

So much as this fact comes to? *Do't; the letter*
[Reading
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.—O damned paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary^e for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.³

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O learned indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters ;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contained relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable ;) that is one of them,
For it doth physic love ;—of his content,
All but in that !—Good wax, thy leave.—Blessed be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike ;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods !
[*Reads.*

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominions, could not be so cruel to me as⁴ you,

¹ The words here read by Pisano from his master's letter (as it is afterwards given in *prose*) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. Malone thinks this a proof that Shakspeare had no view to the publication of his pieces—the inaccuracy would hardly be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader.

² i. e. a *subordinate agent*, as a vassal to his chief. A *feodary*, however, meant also “a *prime agent*, or steward, who received aids, reliefs, suits of service, &c. due to any lord.”—*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*, 1719. Yet, after all, it may be doubted whether Shakspeare does not use it to signify a *confederate* or *accomplice*, as he does *feodary* in *The Winter’s Tale*, Act ii. Sc. I.

³ i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder.

⁴ *As* is here used for *that*. The word *not* in the next line, being accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by Malone.

*O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven. What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,*¹

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st— O let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,— But in a fainter kind—O not like me; For mine's beyond beyond²) say, and speak thick;³ (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is To this same blessed Milford. And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as To inherit such a haven. But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, And our return, to excuse.⁴—But first, how get hence. Why should excuse be born or e'er begot!⁵ We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man, Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers,⁶ Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

¹ We should now write "*yours*, increasing in love." *Your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus Posthumus*, and not with *increasing*.

² i. e. her longing is *further than beyond*.

³ i. e. "speak *quick*."

⁴ That is, "in consequence of our going hence and returning back."

⁵ i. e. *before* the act is done for which excuse will be necessary.

⁶ This practice was, perhaps, not much less prevalent in Shakspeare's time than it is at present.

That run i' the clock's behalf.¹——But this is foolery.—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
A riding-suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's² housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best³ consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.⁴ Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Wales. *A mountainous Country, with
a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys. This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
Are arched so high, that giants may jet⁵ through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yon hill;
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,

¹ The sand of an hour-glass.

² A franklin is a yeoman.

³ That is, "you'd best consider."

⁴ "I see neither on this side nor on that, nor behind me; but find a fog in each of those quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford is alone clear and open. Let us therefore instantly set forward." By "what ensues," Imogen means what will be the consequence of the step I am going to take.

⁵ *Strut*, walk proudly.

That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allowed.¹ To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see;
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded² beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a brabe;³
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncrossed: no life to ours.⁴

Gui. Out of your proof you speak. We, poor unfledged,
 Have never winged from view o' the nest; nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.⁵

Arr. What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat.
 Our valor is, to chase what flies; our cage

¹ "In any service done, the advantage rises not from the act, but from the *allowance* (i. e. approval) of it."

² i. e. *scaly-winged* beetle.

³ The old copy reads *babe*; the uncommon word *brabe* not being familiar to the compositor. A *brabe* is a contemptuous or proud look, word, or gesture; quasi, a *brave*.

⁴ i. e. *compared* to ours.

⁵ *To stride a limit* is to overpass his bound.

We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel.

How you speak !

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly ; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honor ; which dies i' the search ;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure.—O boys, this story
The world may read in me. My body's marked
With Roman swords ; and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline loved me ;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off. Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit ; but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui.

Uncertain favor !

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans. So,
Followed my banishment ; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world ;
Where I have lived at honest freedom ; paid
More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains ;
This is not hunters' language.—He that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys
[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !

These boys know little they are sons to the king ;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine ; and, though trained up
 thus nearly
 I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king, his father, called Guiderius,—Jove !
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story : say,—*Thus mine enemy fell ;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck ; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark ! the game is roused !—
 O Cymbeline ! Heaven and my conscience knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me ; whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes ;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honor to her grave.¹
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit

SCENE IV. *Near Milford-Haven.**Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
 the place
 Was near at hand. Ne'er longed my mother so

¹ i. e. to the grave of Euriphile ; or to the grave of "their mother," as they supposed it to be.

To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus?¹ What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a 'havior of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
'That drug-damned Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdained of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonor, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue

¹ The true pronunciation of Greek and Latin names was not much regarded by the writers of Shakspeare's age. The Poet has, however, differed from himself, and given the true pronunciation when the name first occurs, and in one other place:—

“To his protection; call him *Posthūmus*.”

“Struck the maintop! O *Posthūmus*! alas.”

Outvenoms all the worms¹ of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,²
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed ! What is it to be false ?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake ? that's false to his bed ?
Is it ?

Pis. Alas, good lady !

Imo. I false ? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;
Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks,
Thy favor's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,³ hath betrayed him.
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,⁴
I must be ripped :—to pieces with me !—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany ; not born, where't grows ;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True, honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false ; and Sinon's weeping

¹ It has already been observed that *worm* was the general name for all the *serpent* kind. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. Sc. 2.

² i. e. persons of the highest rank.

³ *Putta*, in Italian, signifies both a *jay* and a *whore*. Some *jay* of Italy whose *mother* was her *painting*, i. e. made by art ; the creature not of nature, but of *painting*. In this sense, *painting* may be said to be her mother.

⁴ That is, to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials ; were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them ; and though such cast-off things as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations.

Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity
 From most true wretchedness. So, thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;¹
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjured,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest :
 Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou seest him,
 A little witness my obedience. Look !
 I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
 Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief :
 Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it. Do his bidding ; strike.
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause ;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis.

Hence, vile instrument !

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo.

Why, I must die ;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand.² Come, here's my heart ;
 Something's afore't. Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;
 Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?
 The scriptures³ of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turned to heresy ? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers : though those that are betrayed
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.
 And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And make me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows,⁴ shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but

¹ The *leaven* is, in Scripture phraseology, "The whole wickedness of our sinful nature."

² "That makes me afraid to put an end to my own life."

³ Shakspeare here means Leonatus's letters ; but there is an opposition intended between *Scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*.

⁴ *Fellows* for *equals*.

A strain of rareness ; and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
 That now thou tirest¹ on, how thy memory
 Will then be panged by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch.
 The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife ?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
 Since I received command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.²

Imo. Wherefore then
 Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abused
 So many miles with a pretence ? this place ?
 Mine action, and thine own ? our horses' labor ?
 The time inviting thee ? the perturbed court,
 For my being absent ; whereunto I never
 Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent,³ when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment ; in the which
 I have considered of a course. Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak.
 I have heard, I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither ;
 But if I were as wise as honest, then

¹ It is probable that the first, as well as the last, of these metaphorical expressions is from falconry. A bird of prey may be said to be *disedged*, when the keenness of its appetite is taken away by *living*, or feeding upon some object given to it for that purpose.

² *Blind*, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by Hamner.

³ To have thy bow *unbent* ; alluding to a hunter.

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abused ;
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be missed at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How live ?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing :¹
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain ? 'T the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is ;² and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,

¹ This line requires some word of two syllables to complete the measure. Steevens proposed to read :—

“ With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, *Cloten* ;
That *Cloten*,” &c.

² To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. The next lines are obscure. “ You must (says Pisanio) disguise that greatness which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, *cannot yet appear without great danger to itself*.”

But by self-danger; you should tread a course
 Pretty, and full of view;¹ yea, haply, near
 The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
 That though his actions were not visible, yet
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,
 As truly as he moves.

Imo. O for such means!
 Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
 I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point.
 You must forget to be a woman; change
 Command into obedience; fear and niceness
 (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
 Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
 As quarrellous as the weasel;² nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
 Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
 Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief.
 I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them. Would you, in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
 Wherein you are happy,³ (which you'll make him know,
 If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
 With joy he will embrace you; for he's honorable,

¹ *Full of view* appears to mean of *ample prospect*, affording a *complete view* of circumstances which it is your interest to know.

² This character of the *weasel* is not mentioned by naturalists. Weasels were formerly, it appears, kept in houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin.

³ i. e. wherein you are *accomplished*.

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me,¹ rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away;
There's more to be considered; but we'll even²
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am soldier to,³ and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being missed, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualmed at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood;—may the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen; I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so, farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!⁴

¹ "As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me."

² We'll make our work *even* with our *time*; we'll do what time will allow.

³ i. e. equal to, or have ability for it.

⁴ We should, apparently, read "*his* grace and you," or "your grace and *yours*."

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honor in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner ; fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,
Till he have crossed the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning ; but it honors us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better :
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness.
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appeared
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty :
We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her ; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all locked; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st¹ of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She prayed me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrained by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wished me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors locked?
Not seen of late? Grant, Heavens, that which I
Fear, prove false! [*Exit*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit CLOTEN.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine. I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, winged with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonor; and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled;
Go in, and cheer the king. He rages; none
Dare come about him.

¹ The first folio reads *loud*

Queen. All the better ; may
This night forestall him of the coming day !¹
[Exit QUEEN.]

Clo. I love and hate her ; for she's fair and royal ;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ;² from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore ; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choked ; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing, sirrah ?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander ' villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have the secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she missed ?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
No further halting. Satisfy me home,
What is become of her ?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clo. All worthy villain !
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—

¹ i. e. may his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by anticipated and premature destruction.

² Than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter*

Clo. Let's see't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.¹ }
She's far enough ; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph !

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again ! [*Aside.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.—Sirrah, if
thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service ;
undergo these employments, wherein I should have
cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is,
what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly
and truly,—I would think thee an honest man. Thou
shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my
voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of
gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou
serve me ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand ; here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit
he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither ; let it be thy first service ; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

¹ By these words, it is probable Pisanio means, "I must either *practise*
this deceit upon Cloten, or perish by his fury." Dr. Johnson thought the
words should be given to Cloten.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven.—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her. First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valor, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee; the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss; for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.¹—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be crossed with slowness; labor be his meed! [*Exit.*

¹ Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both.

SCENE VI. *Before the Cave of Belarius.**Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one.
 I have tired myself; and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
 When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee,
 Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
 Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
 Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
 Is sorer,¹ than to lie for need; and falsehood
 Is sorer in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
 Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
 Here is a path to it. 'Tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil,² speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good Heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman,
 and

¹ i. e. is a *greater* or *heavier* crime.

² *Civil* is here *civilized*, as opposed to *savage*, wild, rude, or uncultivated
 "If any one dwell here."

³ A woodman, in its common acceptance, as here, signifies a *hunter*.

Are master of the feast. Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match.¹
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savory. Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restie² sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arr. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse
on that,

Whilst what we have killed be cooked.

Bel. Stay; come not in.
[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not.
Before I entered here, I called; and thought
To have begged, or bought, what I have took. Good
troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strewed i' the floor.³ Here's money for my meat.
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted,
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

¹ i. e. our compact.

² *Restie*, which Steevens unwarrantably changed to *restive*, signifies here *dull, heavy*, as it is explained in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 1616.

³ Hammer altered this to "o' the floor;" but *in* was frequently used for *on* in Shakspeare's time, as in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done *in* earth."

As 'tis no better reckoned, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in¹ this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arr. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother;—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers!—'Would it had been so, that
they
Had been my father's sons! then had my
prize² } *Aside.*
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings³ at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free't!

¹ *In for into.*

² *Prize, prise, and price, were confounded, or used indiscriminately by our ancestors. Prize here is evidently used for value, estimation.*

³ *To wring is to writhe.*

Arr. Or I, whate'er it be,
 What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys.
 [*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
 That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience sealed them, (laying by
 That nothing gift of differing¹ multitudes,)
 Could not outpeer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus' false.²

Bel. It shall be so;
 Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped,
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray draw near.

Arr. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
 less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arr. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
 That since the common men are now in action
 'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
 And that the legions now in Gallia are
 Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business. He creates

¹ *Differing* multitudes are *varying* or *wavering* multitudes.

² Malone says, "As Shakspeare has used in other places Menelaus' tent, and thy mistress' ear for "Menelaus' tent," and "thy mistresses ear:" it is probable that he used "since Leonatus' false" for "since Leonatus is false."

Lucius proconsul; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.¹ Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen.

Ay,

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen.

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant. The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri.

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving reverence of the word,) for² 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer: in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions;³ yet this imperseverant⁴ thing loves him in

¹ He *commands* the commission to be given you.

² i. e. *cause*.

³ "In single combat."

⁴ *Imperseverant* probably means no more than *perseverant*, like *imbosomed*, *impassioned*, *immasked*.

my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:¹ and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well; [*To IMOGEN;*] remain here in the cave.

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arr.

Brother, stay here:
[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick. So please you leave me;
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom
Is breach of all.² I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I'm not very sick,

¹ Warburton thought we should read, "before her face."

² Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here.
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it.
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arr. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arr. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court;
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious¹ seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick.—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle,² but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arr. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

¹ *Imperious* has here its usual meaning of *proud, haughty*. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc. 5.

² "I could not move him to tell his story." *Gentle* is of a *gentle race* or *rank, well born*.

Bel. To the field, to the field.—
We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arr. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit* IMOGEN.]

This youth, howe'er distressed, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in
characters ;
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh ; as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs¹ together.

Arr. Grow, patience !
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine !²

Bel. It is great morning.³ Come ; away.—Who's
there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
Hath mocked me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!

¹ *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees.

² "Let *patience* grow, and let the stinking elder, *grief*, untwine his perishing root *from* those of the increasing vine, *patience*." *With, from, and by*, are almost always convertible words.

³ The same phrase occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Sc 3. It is a Gallicism :—"Il est grand matin."

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws.—Hence.

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Clo. Soft! what are you
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave, without a knock.¹

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

¹ i. e. than answering that abusive word *slave*.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear—the
wise;

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arr. None in the world; you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favor
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arr. In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure¹ of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't. Not Hercules

¹ The old copy reads, "Is oft the *cause* of fear;" but Belarius is signing a reason for Cloten's foolhardy desperation, not accounting for his cowardice. The emendation adopted is Hammer's.

Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none :
Yet, I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel.

What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect,¹ what : cut off one Cloten's
head ;

Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who called me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,²
Displace our heads, where, (thank the gods !) they
grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel.

We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take—our lives ? The law
Protects not us ; then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ;
For³ we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel.

No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humor⁴
Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head ; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering. Then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

¹ "I am well informed what."

² i. e. conquer, subdue us.

³ For again in the sense of *cause*

⁴ The old copy reads, "his honor." The emendation is Theobald's.

Arr. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it ; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day ; the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.¹

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him. I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten.
That's all I reck. [Exit.

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged ;
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't ! though
valor
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me !—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly ; but envy much,
Thou hast robbed me of this deed. I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet,² would seek us
through,

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done ;—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks. I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him. To gain his color,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,³
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,

¹ "Fidele's sickness made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*."

² "Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition."

³ "To restore Fidele to the bloom of health, to recall the color into his cheeks, I would let out the blood of *a whole parish*, or any number of such fellows as Cloten." A *parish* is a common phrase for a *great number*.

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearned; honor untaught;
 Civility not seen from other; valor,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sowed! Yet still it's strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
 I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
 For his return. [*Solemn music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds! but what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? Since death of my
 dear'st mother
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,¹
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
 Of what we blame him for!

¹ Toys are trifles.

Arr. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare¹
Might easiliest harbor in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made²
but I,³
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arr. Stark,³ as you see.
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laughed at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arr. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued. I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues⁴ from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps.
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

¹ A *crare* was a small vessel of burden, sometimes spelled *cræer*, *crayer*, and even *craye*. The old copy reads, erroneously, "— thy sluggish *carr*." The emendation was suggested by Sympson in a note on The Captain of Beaumont and Fletcher.

² We should most probably read, "but *ah!*" *Ay* is always printed *ah!* in the first folio, and other books of the time. Hence, perhaps, *I*, which was used for the affirmative particle *ay*, crept into the text.

³ *Stark* means entirely cold and stiff.

⁴ "*Clouted brogues*" are coarse wooden shoes, strengthened with *clout* or *hob-nails*. In some parts of England thin plates of iron, called *clouts*, are fixed to the shoes of rustics.

I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
 The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
 The azured harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweetened not thy breath. The ruddock¹ would
 With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument!) bring thee all this ;
 Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
 To winter-ground² thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done ;
 And do not play in wench-like words with that
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration what
 Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so.

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground
 As once our mother ; use like note, and words,
 Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
 I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee ;
 For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
 Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less ;³ for
 Cloten
 Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
 And, though he came our enemy, remember,
 He was paid⁴ for that. Though mean and mighty,
 rotting

¹ The *ruddock* is the redbreast.

² To *winter-ground* appears to mean to dress or decorate thy corse with
 "furred moss," for a *winter* covering.

³ So in *King Lear* :—

"— Where the greater malady is fixed,
 The lesser is scarce felt."

⁴ i. e. punished.

Together, have one dust ; yet reverence
 (That angel of the world) doth make distinction
 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely ;
 And though you took his life, as being our foe,
 Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
 Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
 When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him,
 We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
 east ;
 My father hath a reason for't.

Arr. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arr. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arr. *Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak.
 The sceptre, learning, physic must
 All follow this, and come to dust.*¹

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash.*

Arr. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;*

¹ The Poet's sentiment seems to have been this:—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man.

Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash ;*
 Arv. *Thou hast finished joy and moan.*
 Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
 Consign to thee,¹ and come to dust

Gui. *No exorciser² harm thee !*
 Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee !*
 Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee !*
 Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee !*
 Both. *Quiet consummation have ;*
 And renowned be thy grave !

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies ; come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about midnight, more ;
 The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces :
 You were as flowers, now withered ; even so
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
 Come on, away ; apart upon our knees.
 The ground, that gave them first, has them again ;
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BEL., GUI., and ARV.*

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ; which
 is the way ?—

I thank you.—By yon bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?
 'Ods pitikins !³ Can it be six miles-yet ?
 I have gone all night.—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
 But, soft ! no bedfellow ;—O gods and goddesses !

[*Seeing the body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream ;
 For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

¹ To "consign to thee" is to "seal the same contract with thee ;" i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death.

² It has already been observed, that *exorciser* anciently signified a person who could raise spirits, not one who lays them.

³ This diminutive adjuration is derived from *God's pity*, by the addition of *kin*. In this manner we have also 'Od's *bodikins*.

And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face¹—
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee!—Thou,
 Conspired with that irregular² devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damned Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damned Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? ah me! where's
 that?

Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.³—How should this be? Pisanio?
 'Tis he and Cloten; malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!⁴
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home;
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's! O!—
 Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,

¹ "*Jovial face*" here signifies such a face as belongs to Jove. The epithet is frequently so used in the old dramatic writers.

² *Irregular* must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule. The word has not hitherto been met with elsewhere.

³ We must understand by "*this head*," the head of Posthumus; the head that *did* belong to *this* body.

⁴ i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite conclusion.

That we the horridier may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrisoned in Gallia,
After your will, have crossed the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships.
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirred up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.¹

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be mustered; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dreamed, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods showed me a vision,
(I fast,² and prayed, for their intelligence,) thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanished in the sunbeams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

¹ Shakspeare appears to have meant brother to the prince of Sienna. He was not aware that Sienna was a *republic*, or possibly did not heed it.

² *Fast* for *fasted*, as we have in another place of this play *lift* for *lifted*. Similar phraseology will be found in the Bible.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes ; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded ; Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he,
That otherwise than noble nature did,¹
Hath altered that good picture ? What's thy interes
In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing ; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas !
There are no more such masters ; I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth,
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.² If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same.
Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well mastered ; but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep

¹ Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature did it ?

² Shakspeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones), as well as for his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time.

As these poor pickaxes¹ can dig ; and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed his
 grave,
 And on it said a century of prayers,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc.

Ay, good youth ;

And rather father thee, than master thee.—

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
 Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partisans
 A grave. Come, arm him.²—Boy, he is preferred
 By thee to us ; and he shall be interred,
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes ;
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how 'tis with her
 A fever with the absence of her son ;
 A madness, of which her life's in danger ;—Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
 Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me, her son gone,
 So needful for this present. It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis.

Sir, my life is yours ;
 I humbly set it at your will. But for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,

¹ Meaning her fingers.

² That is, "take him up in your arms."

Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord*. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here ;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will,¹ no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome ;
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy

[*To PISANIO*

Does yet depend.²

1 *Lord*. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen !—
I am amazed with matter.³

1 *Lord*. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront⁴ no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're
ready.

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt*.

Pis. I heard no letter⁵ from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange.
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I

¹ This omission of the personal pronoun was by no means uncommon in Shakspeare's age.

² "My suspicion is yet undetermined." We now say, *the cause is depending*.

³ i. e. confounded by a variety of business.

⁴ "Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us."

⁵ Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, "*I've had* no letter." But perhaps "no letter" is here used to signify "no tidings," not a syllable of reply.

What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
 Perplexed in all. The Heavens still must work :
 Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be true.
 These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Even to the note ¹ o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
 All other doubts, by time let them be cleared ;
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steered.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
 From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
 Have we in hiding us ? This way, the Romans
 Must, or for Britons slay us ; or receive us
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts,²
 During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
 We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.
 To the king's party there's no going ; newness
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not mustered
 Among the bands) may drive us to a render³
 Where we have lived ; and so extort from us
 That which we've done, whose answer would be death,
 Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
 That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,

¹ "I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valor."

² i. e. *revolters*.

³ "An account of our place of abode." *Render* is used in a similar sense in a future scene of this play :—

"My boon is, that this gentleman may *render*
 Of whom he had this ring."

Behold their quartered fires,¹ have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army ; many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ;² ay, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's taulings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army.
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.

Arr. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither. What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever looked on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blessed beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By Heavens, I'll go !
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

Arr. So say I ; amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve

¹ i. e. the *fires* in the respective quarters of the Roman army.

² That is, "the *certain consequence* of this hard life."

My cracked one to more care. Have with you, boys,
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks
scorn, [Aside.
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.*¹

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wished
Thou shouldst be colored thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying² but a little ?—O Pisanio !
Every good servant need not all commands :
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on³ this : so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent ; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse ;⁴

¹ The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio, in the foregoing act, determined to send.

² This uncommon verb is used by Stanyhurst in the third book of the translation of Virgil:—

“—— the maysters *wrye* their vessells.”

And in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. i. ed. 1633, p. 67:—"That from the right line of virtue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts."

³ To *put on*, is to incite, instigate.

⁴ The last deed is certainly not the *oldest*; but Shakspeare calls the deed of an *elder* man an *elder deed*.

And make them dread it to the doer's shift.¹
 But Imogen is your own. Do your best wills,
 And make me blessed to obey!—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good Heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant. So I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valor in me, than my habits show.
 Gods put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood. I have belied a lady,

¹ The old copy reads:—

“And make them dread it to the doer's *thrift*.”

Which the commentators have in vain tormented themselves to give a meaning to. Mason endeavored to give the sense of *repentance to thrift*; but his explanation better suits the passage as it now stands:—“Some you snatch hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers.” *Shift* is confession and repentance. The typographical error would easily arise in old printing.

The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,¹
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the
 ground;
 The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
 The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hoodwinked.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turned strangely; or betimes
 Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did;
 Though you, it seems, come from the sliers.

¹ *Carl*, or *churl*, is a clown or countryman, and is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman.

Lord.

I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute,¹ the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was dammed
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthened shame.

Lord.

Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditched, and walled with
turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country:—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base,² than to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
*Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown; stand, stand.*—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which would have turned

¹ The stopping of the Roman army by three persons is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his History of Scotland, p. 155; upon which Milton once intended to have formed a drama. Shakspeare was evidently acquainted with it:—"Hailie beholding *the king*, with the most part of the nobles fighting with great valiancie in the middleward, now *destitute of the wings*," &c.

² A country game called *prison-bars*; vulgarly, *prison-base*.

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renewed; that some, turned
coward

But by example, (O, a sin in war,
Damned in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stooped eagles, slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
Those that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs¹ o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance.

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it. You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honors
To have saved their carcasses? took heel to do't,

¹ i. e. terrors, bugbears.

And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charmed,¹
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck. Being an ugly monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
 him;

For being now a favorer to the Roman,
 No more a Briton, I have resumed again
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer² be
 Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken.
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,³
 That gave the affront⁴ with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
 But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is
 there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answered him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have pecked them here. He brags his
 service
 As if he were of note; bring him to the king.

¹ Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough
 to keep men unhurt in battle.

² i. e. *retaliation*.

³ *Silly* is *simple* or *rustic*.

⁴ i. e. the *encounter*.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended: BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Jailer: after which, all go out.*¹

SCENE IV. *A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Jailers.

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;²

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Jailers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty. Yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured By the sure physician, death; who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fettered

More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt, Then, free forever! Is't enough, I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desired, more than constrained; to satisfy, If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my all.³

¹ This stage direction for "inexplicable dumb show" is probably an interpolation by the players. Shakspeare has expressed his contempt for such mummery in *Hamlet*.

² The jailer alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.

³ This passage is very obscure, and is so rendered either by the omission of a line, or some other corruption of the text. The explanation which Steevens offers is not very satisfactory. Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life,

I know you are more element than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire.
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coined it.
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake.
 You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds.¹ O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*]

*Solemn music.*² *Enter, as an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies;
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I died, whilst in the womb he staid
 Attending Nature's law.

¹ If it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment."

² So in *Macbeth*:—

"Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 That keeps me pale."

² This scene is supposed not to be Shakspeare's, but foisted in by the players for mere show. The great Poet, who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. It appears that the players indulged themselves, sometimes, in unwarrantable liberties of the same kind.

Whose father then, (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ripped,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mocked,
To be exiled and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geek¹ and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honor to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline performed.

¹ The fool.

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourned
The graces for his merits due ;
Being all to dolours turned ?
Sici. Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help ;
Or we, poor ghosts, will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.
2 Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle : he throws a thunderbolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppressed ;
No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delayed, delighted.¹ Be content ;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift ;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reigned at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.

¹ *Delighted for delightful, or causing delight.*

This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;
 And so, away : no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends*
Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell ; the holy eagle
 Stopped, as to foot us :¹ his ascension is
 More sweet than our blessed fields ; his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy² his beak,
 As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes ; he is entered
 His radiant roof.—Away ! and, to be blessed,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
 and begot

A father to me ; and thou hast created
 A mother and two brothers. But (O scorn !)
 Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favor, dream as I have done ;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve.
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steeped in favors ; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O rare
 one !

Be not, as is our fangled³ world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers ; let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As a good promise.

¹ i. e. to grasp us in his pounces.

“ And till they *foot* and clutch their prey.”—*Herbert.*

² In ancient language, the *cleys* or *clees* of a bird or beast are the same with *claws* in modern speech. To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

³ i. e. *trifling*. Hence, *new-fangled*, still in use for new toys or trifles.

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Jailers.

Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Jail. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for the want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid¹ too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

¹ *Paid* here means *subdued* or *overcome* by the liquor.

Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache. But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Jail. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured. You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump¹ the after-inquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Jail. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.² Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them, too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good. O, there were desolation of jailers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. *[Exeunt.]*

¹ i. e. hazard.

² *Prone* here signifies *ready, prompt*.

SCENE V.¹ Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepped before targe of proof, cannot be found.
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been searched among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward ; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are ;—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise, my knights o' the battle ; I create you

¹ In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled ; and at the expense of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity ; and as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion and not more rich in ornament than nature."

Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? You look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finished.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confessed she never loved you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorred your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand¹ to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had

¹ "To bear in hand" is "falsely pretended."

For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you. In which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show ; yes, in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate ; opened, in despite
Of Heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatched were not effected ; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been
vicious

To have mistrusted her. Yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS behind,
and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives which ourself have granted.
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war. The day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threatened

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
 Augustus lives to think on't ; and so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat : my boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransomed ; never master had
 A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat,¹ so nurselike. Let his virtue join
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
 Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have served a Roman. Save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym.

I have surely seen him ;

His favor² is familiar to me.—

Boy, thou hast looked thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
 'To say, *Live, boy* :³ ne'er thank thy master ; live :
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo.

I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
 And yet, I know thou wilt.

Imo.

No, no ; alack,

There's other work in hand. I see a thing
 Bitter to me as death ; your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc.

The boy disdains me ;
 He leaves me, scorns me ; briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
 Why stands he so perplexed ?

Cym.

What wouldst thou, boy ?

I love thee more and more ; think more and more
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
 speak,

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

¹ *Feat* is ready, dexterous.

² Countenance.

³ "I know not what should induce me to say, *Live, boy*." The word
nor was inserted by Rowe.

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master. Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death ?

Arr. One sand another
Not more resembles ; that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not,
forbear ;
Creatures may be alike. Were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress ; [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To IACH.*] step you
forth ;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely ;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him ?

[*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym.

How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrained to utter that
which

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve
thee,

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail¹ to remember,—give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accursed
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poisoned! or, at least,
Those which I heaved to head!) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swelled boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature,² laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye;—

Cym.

I stand on fire;

Come, to the matter.

¹ To *quail* is to *faint*, or sink into dejection.

² *Feature* is here used for *proportion*.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus
 (Most like a noble lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover) took his hint;
 And, not dispraising whom we praised, (therein
 He was as calm as virtue,) he began
 His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were cracked of kitchen trulls, or his description
 Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
 He spake of her as¹ Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold. Whereat, I, wretch!
 Made scruple of his praise; and wagered with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honored finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
 No lesser of her honor confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quenched
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevailed,
 That I returned with similar proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes²
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,

¹ *As for as if.*

² i. e. such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report.

(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,

[*Coming forward*

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer!¹ Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That killed thy daughter;—villain like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't.—The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.²
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me; every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo.

Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,

There lie thy part.

[*Striking her; she falls.*

Pis.

O gentlemen, help, help,

Mine, and your mistress.—O my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er killed Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honored lady!

Cym.

Does the world go round?

Post. How comes these staggers³ on me?

Pis.

Wake, my mistress

¹ *Justicer* was anciently used instead of justice.

² "Not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself."

³ i. e. this wild and delirious perturbation.

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poisoned me.

Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confessed,
Which must approve thee honest. *If Pisanio*
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection,
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
not ;

You had a motive for't. [To GUI. and ARV.

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught ; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely. But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn ; foamed at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket ; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honor. What became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence. Pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing princelike ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,

If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must
Endure our law. Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arr. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arr. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then.—
By leave;—thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was called Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banished traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assumed this age:¹ indeed, a banished man;
I know not how, a traitor.

¹ As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the appearance of being older than he really was, it must have a reference to

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot ;
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons !

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy. Here's my knee.
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banished.
Your pleasure was my mere offence,¹ my punishment
Itself, and all my treason : that I suffered,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty year
Have I trained up ; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment. I moved her to't ;
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason ; their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.—
The benediction of these covering heavens

the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

¹ The old copy reads "*neere* offence ;" the emendation is by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Belarius means to say, "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only."

Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius.
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapped
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more.—Blessed may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you called me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arr. Ay, my good lord.

¹ "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The king reasons very justly.

Gui. And at first meeting loved ;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallowed.

Cym. O rare instinct !
When shall I hear all through ? This fierce¹ abridg-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.²—Where ? how lived
you ?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?
How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?
Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,
And your three motives³ to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded ;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long intergatories.⁴ See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master ; hitting
Each object with a joy ; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother ; so we'll hold thee ever.

[*To* BELARIUS

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoyed,
Save these in bonds ; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

¹ *Fierce* is vehement, rapid.

² i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample narrative.

³ "Your three motives" means "the motives of you three."

⁴ *Intergatories* was frequently used for *interrogatories*.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching ; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then followed.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again ; [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe ; but, your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me ;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doomed.
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joyed are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appeared to me, with other spritely shows¹
Of mine own kindred : when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection² of it ; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

¹ *Spritely shows* are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances.

² A *collection* is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So the queen in *Hamlet* says:—

“ —— Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to *collection*.”

Whose containing means the contents of which.

Luc.

Read and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[*To CYMBELINE*

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*

We term it *mulier*; which *mulier*, I divine,

Is this most constant wife; who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped about

With this most tender air.

Cym.

This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopped branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar joined; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym.

Well,

My peace we will begin.¹—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom Heavens, in justice, (both on her and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.²

¹ It should apparently be, "*By* peace we will begin. The soothsayer says, that the label promised to Britain "*peace and plenty.*" To which Cymbeline replies, "*We will begin with peace,* to fulfil the prophecy."

² i. e. have laid most heavy hand *on*. Many such elliptical passages are found in Shakspeare.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplished. For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessened herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanished ; which foreshowed our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favor with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a pease.
[*Exeunt*

THIS play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes ; but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.*

JOHNSON.

* On this critique of Johnson, Mr. Singer remarks :—" It is hardly necessary to point out the extreme injustice of the unfounded severity of Johnson's animadversions upon this exquisite drama. The antidote will be found in the reader's appeal to his own feelings after reiterated perusal. It is with satisfaction I refer to the more just and discriminative opinion of a foreign critic, to whom every lover of Shakspeare is deeply indebted, cited in the Preliminary Remarks."

A SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED
TO BE DEAD.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.*

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

*No withered witch shall here be seen,
Nor goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew*

*The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved till life could charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

ON what principle the editors of the first complete edition of Shakspeare's works admitted this play into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some way or other aided in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, in the time of king James II., warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. "I have been told, (says he, in his preface to an alteration of this play, published in 1687,) by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts."

"A booke, entitled A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus," was entered at Stationers' Hall, by John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year, (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Sussex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, The *old* Taming of a Shrew, and Marlowe's King Edward II.; by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to Bartholomew Fair, 1614, we learn that Andronicus had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation, in 1589; or, taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

"To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works cannot entertain a doubt on the question. I will, however, mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of Appius and Virginia, Tancred and Gismund, The Battle of Alcazar, Jeronimo, Selimus Emperor of the Turks, The Wounds of Civil War, The Wars of Cyrus, Locrine, Arden of Feversham, King Edward I., The Spanish Tragedy, Solyman and Perseda, King Leir, the old King John, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that Titus Andronicus was coined in the same mint.

"The testimony of Meres [who attributes it to Shakspeare, in his *Palladis Tamia*, or the Second Part of Wits Common Wealth, 1598]

remains to be considered. His *enumerating* this among Shakspeare's plays, may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being *printed* by his fellow comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was, in 1598, when his book first appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and *probably* acquainted with some of the dramatic poets of the time; from some or other of whom, he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumor of the day. In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed, without the name of Shakspeare; its being performed by the servants of lord Pembroke, &c.; the stately march of the versification, the whole color of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted plays, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his contemporaries had not long been dead (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and sir Wm. Davenant did not die till April, 1668);—all these circumstances combined, prove, with irresistible force, that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare."—MALONE.

"Mr. Malone, in the preceding note, has expressed his opinion that Shakspeare may have written a few lines in this play, or given some assistance to the author in revising it. Upon no other ground than this, has it any claim to a place among our Poet's dramas. Those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced, he marked with inverted commas. This system of seizing upon every line possessed of merit, as belonging of right to our great Dramatist, is scarcely doing justice to his contemporaries, and resembles one of the arguments which Theobald has used in his preface to *The Double Falsehood*:—'My partiality for Shakspeare makes me wish that every thing which is good or pleasing in our tongue had been owing to his pen.' Many of the writers of that day were men of high poetical talent: and many individual speeches are found in plays, which, as plays, are of no value, which would not have been in any way unworthy of Shakspeare himself; of whom Dr. Johnson has observed, that 'his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of the fable and the tenor of his dialogue; and that he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.' Dr. Farmer has ascribed *Titus Andronicus* to Kyd, and placed it on a level with *Loocrine*; but it appears to be much more in the style of Marlowe. His fondness for accumulating horrors upon other occasions, will account for the sanguinary character of this play; and it would not, I think, be difficult to show, by extracts from his other performances, that there is not a line in it which he was not fully capable of writing."—BOSWELL.

"The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, &c. from an old ballad which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play to John Danter, Feb. 6, 1593; and again entered to Tho. Payer, April 19, 1602. The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. i. Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii., speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*; and there is an allusion to it in *A Knack to Know a Knave*, 1594.

"I have given the reader a specimen (in the notes) of the changes

made in this play by Ravenscroft; and may add, that, when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:—

‘She has outdone me, ev’n in mine own art;
Outdone me in murder, killed her own child;
Give it me, I’ll eat it.’

“It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings and imagination were congenial with those of the author.

“It was evidently the work of one who was acquainted with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers—I mean that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humor so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellences, nor of his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles, from first to last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trisyllable terminations in this play and in no other.

“Let it be likewise remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare till after his death. The quartos [of 1600] and 1611 are anonymous.

“Could the use of particular terms, employed in no other of his pieces, be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliment* for *robe*, a Latinism, which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that *Titus Andronicus* will be found, on examination, to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c., than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakspeare is indubitably fixed. Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected *thing*, let me observe, that the glitter of a few passages in it has, perhaps, misled the judgment of those who ought to have known that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabric of a tragedy. Without these advantages many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with lavish profusion. It does not follow that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple.

“Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favor is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt—a Thersites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.”
—STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
 QUINTUS,
 MARTIUS,
 MUTIUS,
 } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,
 CHIRON,
 DEMETRIUS,
 } *Sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
 Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a Black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and
 Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it



TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici appearing ; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side ; and BASSIANUS and his Followers on the other ; with drum and colors.

Saturninus. NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title¹ with your swords.
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome ;
Then let my father's honors live in me,
Nor wrong mine age² with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favorers of my
right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;
And suffer not dishonor to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility :

¹ i. e. my title to the succession. "The empire being elective, and not successive, the emperors in being made profit of their own times."—*Raleigh*.

² Saturninus means his seniority in point of age. In a subsequent passage, Tamora speaks of him as a very young man.

But let desert in pure election shine ;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome ;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited¹ home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honor of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honor thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,

¹ Summoned.

And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favor,
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

[*Exeunt the followers of* BASSIANUS.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favor of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the followers of* SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt
with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter a Captain and others.

Cap. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honor and with fortune is returned,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MAR-
TIUS; after them two men bearing a coffin covered
with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After
them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with
ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other
Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following.
The bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her freight,

Returns with precious lading to the bay,
 From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears;
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
 Thou great defender of this Capitol,¹
 Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—
 Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that king Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains alive, and dead!
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
 These that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors.
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly² prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeased,
 Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren.—Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion³ for her son;
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,

¹ Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

² *Earthy.* Ed. 1600.

³ i. e. in grief.

O, think my son to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome;
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
 But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 O! if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful:
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient¹ yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice.

To this your son is marked; and die he must,
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
 MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
 To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
 Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
 The self-same gods, that armed the queen of Troy
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,²
 May favor Tamora, the queen of Goths,
 (When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

¹ This verb is used by other old dramatic writers.

² Theobald says that we should read, "in *her* tent;" i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan women were kept; for thither Hecuba, by a wile, had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopped,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud *clarums* welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*[Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in
the tomb.]*

In peace and honor, rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honor rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honor live lord Titus long;

My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render, for my brethren's obsequies;

And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy

Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—

Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!¹

¹ To "outlive an eternal date" is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS,
and others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpner in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords ;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,¹
And triumphs over chance, in honor's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliant² of white and spotless hue ;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness.
What ! should I don³ this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day ;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?—

¹ The maxim alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.

² A robe.

³ i. e. do on, put it on.

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right ;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipped to hell
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honor thee, and will do till I die.
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be ; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honorable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you ! and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal.
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor ;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine !*

[*A long flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness ;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honorable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honored of your grace.

And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—

King and commander of our commonweal,

The wide world's emperor—do I consecrate

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;

Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord.

Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,

Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget

The least of these unspeakable deserts,

Romans, forgot your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;

[*To TAMORA.*

To him, that for your honor and your state,

Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome ;

Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent

Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts you,

Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—

Lavinia, you are not displeased with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility

Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go ;

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.

Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice ;
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's
guard ?

Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surprised.

Sat. Surprised ! By whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with
LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !

Bar'st me my way in Rome ! [*Tit. kills Mut.*

Mut. Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust ; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine ;
My sons would never so dishonor me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful, promised love. [Exit.

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock.
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous, haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonor me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale¹ of,

¹ A *stale* here signifies a *stalking-horse*. To make a *stale* of any one, seems to have meant "to make them an object of mockery."

But Saturnine! Full well, Andronicus,
 Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
 That said'st, I begged the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
 these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
 To him that flourished for her with his sword.

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 To ruffle¹ in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
 That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
 Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
 If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
 And will create thee emperess of Rome.
 Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
 And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
 Sith priest and holy water are so near,
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
 In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
 Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
 I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
 If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, ac-
 company
 Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
 Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered.
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS and his followers; TAMORA,
 and her sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid² to wait upon this bride.—

¹ To *ruffle* was to be tumultuous and turbulent.

² i. e. *invited*.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonored thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonored all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously reëdified.

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls;—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that
word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honor thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself;¹ let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS *and* the sons of TITUS kneel.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

¹ This is much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.¹

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,

Be barred his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.—

The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonored by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;

Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell.

Is she not then beholden to the man

That brought her for this high, good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

¹ "This passage alone would sufficiently convince me that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the Ajax of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare. In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader whose arguments prevail in favor of his remains."—*Steevens*.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: at the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have played your prize;¹
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile, I am possessed of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir. You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only this much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honor wronged;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath
To be controlled in that he frankly gave.
Receive him then to favor, Saturnine;
That hath expressed himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonored me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honored Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

¹ To play a prize, was a technical term in the ancient fencing-schools.

Sat. What ! madam ! be dishonored openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonor you !

But, on mine honor, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.

You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,

(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.

I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;

And make them know, what 'tis to make a
queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain.

Aside

Come, come, sweet emperor,—Come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevailed.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord ;
'These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—
And let it be mine honor, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have passed
My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia ;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to Heaven, and to his
highness,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honor, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honor here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends.

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.¹SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.*

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash ;
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
So Tamora.—
Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch ; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains ;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle² thoughts !
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis ;—this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holloa ! what storm is this ?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge,

¹ In the quarto of 1600, the stage direction is, "*Sound trumpets, manet Moore.*" In the quarto of 1611, the direction is, "*Manet Aaron,*" and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first act.

² Ed. 1600, *servile* thoughts.

And manners, to intrude where I am graced ;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all ;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate.
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs !¹ These lovers will not keep the
peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier² by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?
Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords ?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns ;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonored in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I ; till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonor here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved,—
Foul-spoken ceward ! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

¹ This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened.

² A light sword, more for show than use, was worn by gentlemen, even when dancing, in the reign of Elizabeth.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broached,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice;

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;¹
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill²

¹ These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the First Part of King Henry VI:—

“She's *beautiful*, and therefore *to be woo'd*;
She is a woman, therefore *to be won*.”

This circumstance has given rise to a conjecture that the author of the present play was also the writer of the original King Henry VI. Ritson says, that he “should take Kyd to have been the author of Titus Andronicus, because he seems to delight in murders and scraps of Latin, though, in the first of those good qualities, Marlowe's Jew of Malta may fairly dispute precedence with the Spanish Tragedy.”

² There is a Scottish proverb, “Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps.” Non omnem molitor quæ fluit unda videt. The subsequent line is also a northern proverb, “It is safe taking a *shire* of a cut loaf.”

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, 'it seems, some certain snatch,
or so,

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square¹ for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. I' faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you
jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop.
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind² for rape and villany.

¹ Quarrel.

² By nature.

Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words ;
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred¹ wit,
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
And she shall file our engines with advice,²
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears.
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns ;
There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*³ [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.⁴ *A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen
at a distance.*

Horns, and cry of hounds heard. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c., MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,

¹ *Sacred* here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism.

² The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by giving smoothness, facilitates the motion of the parts of an engine or piece of machinery.

³ These scraps of Latin are taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies.

4 "The division of this play into acts, which was first made in the folio of 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun."

That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully.
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

*Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and
Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A desert Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit¹ it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,

¹ i. e. possess.

Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany ;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
[*Hides the gold*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.¹

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chant melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checkered shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once—
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise.
And—after conflict, such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet, melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;

¹ This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it.

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus.
His Philomel¹ must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel² of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aur. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes.
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy contröller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

¹ See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book vi.

² i. e. a part.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian¹
 Doth make your honor of his body's hue,
 Spotted, detested, and abominable.
 Why are you sequestered from all your train
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
 If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated
 For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
 And let her 'joy her raven-colored love;
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.²
 Good king! to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
 mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
 These two have 'ticed me hither to this place,
 A barren, detested vale, you see, it is;
 The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
 Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And, when they showed me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,³
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,

¹ *Swarth* is *dusky*. The Moor is called *Cimmerian* from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

² He had yet been married but one night. The true reading may be "made *her*," i. e. *Tamora*.

³ Hedgehogs.

As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.¹
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew ;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they called me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth called my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*]

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,²—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw ;
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope³ braves your mightiness ;
And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

¹ This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up.

² The propriety of this address will be best understood by consulting Pliny's Nat. Hist. ch. 42.

³ *Painted hope* is only *specious hope*, or *ground of confidence more plausible than solid*. Steevens thought that the word *hope* was interpolated, the sense being complete and the line more harmonious without it.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now, perforce, we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam. Let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[*To CHIRON.*

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a
bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O, could I find it now!)
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests.
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee; for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be called a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place.
For 'tis not life, that I have begged so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then? Fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee;
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou
her husband; [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her
sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before.
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distilled on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise.
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,¹

¹ Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable.

Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit ;
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me ; I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me.—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leaped into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ? I know thou dost but jest.
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS
and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though grieved with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*

The complot of this timeless¹ tragedy ;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads.*] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;

Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree,

*Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.*

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree ;

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murdered Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Showing it.*

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To TIT.*] fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;

There let them bide, until we have devised

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit ? O wondrous
thing !

How easily murder is discovered !

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—

Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

Sat. If it be proved ! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter ? Tamora, was it you ?

¹ i. e. untimely.

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord. Yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers.
Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished;
her hands cut off, and tongue cut out.*

Dem. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can
scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !¹
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern, ungentle hands
Have lopped, and hewed, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in ;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love ! Why dost not speak to me ?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee ;
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee ? Shall I say, 'tis so ?
O that I knew thy heart ; and knew the beast.
That I might rail at him to ease my mind !
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind ;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
A craftier Tereus, hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sewed than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touched them for his life ;
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,

¹ "If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking."

He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watched;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honor's lofty bed.
For these, good tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground*
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,

That shall distil, from these two ancient urns,¹
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes ! gentle aged men !
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain ;
The tribunes hear you not ; no man is by ;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man ; if they did hear,
They would not mark me ; oh, if they did hear,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones ;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale.
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones ;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?
Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death ;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

¹ The old copies read, "two ancient *rimes*." The emendation is by sir T. Hanmer.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine. How happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break!
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain.
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use;
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyred thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet, melodious bird, it sung
Sweet, varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he killed me dead.
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environed with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banished man ;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes ;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me ; what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyred thee.
Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her.
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they killed her
husband ;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stained, like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And make a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? Let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wondered at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece;—good Titus, dry thine
eyes.

Tit. Ah Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo¹ is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king. He, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

¹ The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighborhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Savior's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools.

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand.

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn;
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,

And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?¹
O, none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By Heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such withered herbs as
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar.

But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both.
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be called deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so;—

¹ It appears from Grose on Antient Armour, that a *castle* was a kind of close helmet, probably so named from *casquetel* (old French.)

But I'll deceive you in another sort, [Aside.
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[He cuts off TITUS's hand.]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is despatched.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand.
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aur. I go, Andronicus ; and for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee ;—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany [Aside.
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit.

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth ;
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—What, wilt thou kneel with me ?
[To LAVINIA.]

Do then, dear heart ; for Heaven shall hear our prayers ;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O ! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
'Threatening the welkin with his big-swollen face ?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth.
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned.
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mocked;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery. Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banished son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs;

Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed.

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be returned again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things,
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! Till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.

Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

SCENE II.¹ *A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,
a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;²
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate³ our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To LAVINIA.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl; kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

¹ This scene is wanting in the quarto copies of 1600 and 1611, but found in the folio of 1623.

² So in *The Tempest*:—

“————— sitting,
His arms in this *sad knot*.”

³ This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser.

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this;—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyred signs;—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brewed with her sorrows, meshed¹ upon her cheeks.
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers;
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter, deep laments;

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have killed, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny.
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.

¹ A very coarse allusion to brewing.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?¹
 How would he hang his slender, gilded wings,
 And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
 Poor, harmless fly!

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast killed him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black, ill-favored fly,
 Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I killed him.

Tit. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed.
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
 Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
 Come hither purposely to poison me.—
 There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
 Ah, sirrah!²—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
 But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me.
 I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
 Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Steevens conjectures that the words "*and mother*" should be omitted. Ritson proposes to read the line thus:—

"But! How if that fly had a father, *brother*?"

² This was formerly not a disrespectful expression.

ACT IV.

SCENE I *The same. Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS,
LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes !
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these
signs ?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius ;—somewhat doth she
mean :

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee ;
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.¹

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her ;

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow. That made me to fear,

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth ;

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;

Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt ;

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

¹ Tully's Treatise on Eloquence, entitled *Orator*.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this? Some book there is that she desires to see.— Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.— But thou art deeper read, and better skilled; Come, and take choice of all my library, And so beguile thy sorrow, till the Heavens Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.— Why lifts she up her arms in sequence¹ thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was.— Or else to Heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*; My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone, Perhaps she culled it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves! Help her;—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of *Philomel*, And treats of *Tereus'* treason, and his rape; And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes² the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl, Ravished and wronged, as *Philomela* was, Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?— See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt, (O, had we never, never hunted there!) Patterned by that the poet here describes, By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den, Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

¹ Succession.

² To quote is to observe.

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed ;
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece ;—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—
My lord, look here :—Look here, Lavinia.
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.]

Cursed be that heart, that forced us to this shift !—
Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at last,
What God will have discovered for revenge !
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth !

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,*¹
Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,²
And father of that chaste, dishonored dame,

¹ *Magne Regnator Deum*, &c. is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion, in Seneca's Tragedy.

² *Feere* signifies a companion ; and here, metaphorically, a husband.

Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware.
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad¹ of steel will write these words,
And lay it by ; the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then ?—Boy, what say you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory.
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and, withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house ;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court :
Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Mar. O Heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him ?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstacy ;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

¹ A *gad*, in Anglo-Saxon, signified the point of a spear. It is here used for a similar pointed instrument.

Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield ;
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
 Revenge the Heavens for old Andronicus ! [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door ;
 at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant,
 with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
 He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
 father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 I greet your honors from Andronicus ;—
 And pray the Roman gods confound you both. [*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy,¹ lovely Lucius ; what's the news ?

Boy. That you are both deciphered, that's the news,
 For villains marked with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please
 you,

My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
 The goodliest weapons of his armory,
 To gratify your honorable youth,
 The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;
 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
 You may be armed and appointed well.
 And so I leave you both, [*Aside,*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here ? A scroll ; and written round
 about ?

Let's see ;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well.
 I read it in the grammar long ago.

¹ i. e. *grand merci* ; great thanks.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!	} <i>Aside.</i>
Here's no sound jest! ¹ the old man hath	
found their guilt;	
And sends the weapons wrapped about	
with lines,	
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the	
quick.	

But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace-gate,
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
o'er. [*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords;
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

¹ This mode of expression was common formerly. So in King Henry IV. Part I.:—"Here's no fine villany!"

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damned her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach¹ the tadpole on my rapier's point;
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

¹ In *Lust's Dominion*, by Marlowe, a play in its style bearing a near resemblance to *Titus Andronicus*, Eleazar, the Moor, a character of

Aur. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up,
 [*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
 Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
 Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 He dies upon my cimeter's sharp point,
 That touches this my first-born son and heir!
 I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,¹
 With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
 Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
 What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
 Ye white-limed walls! ye alchouse painted signs!
 Coal black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue;
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aur. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
 The vigor, and the picture of my youth.
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is forever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.²

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her
 death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.³

unmingled ferocity, like Aaron, and, like him, the paramour of a royal mistress, exclaims:—

“—— Run, and with a voice
 Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten
 To Roderigo and the Cardinal,
 Seek no queens here; I'll broach them, if they do,
 Upon my falchion's point.”

¹ A giant, the son of *Titan* and *Terra*.

² i. e. this foul, *illegitimate child*. So in King John:—

“No scape of Nature.”

i. e. ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears;
 Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here's a young lad framed of another leer.¹
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
 And, from that womb, where you imprisoned were,
 He is enfranchised and come to light.
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you;
 Keep there. Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords. When we all join in
 league,

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
 The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
 But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
 And no one else, but the delivered empress.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself.
 Two may keep counsel, when the third's away;
 Go to the empress; tell her, this I said;—

[*Stabbing her.*]

Weke, weke!—So cries a pig, prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst
 thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

¹ Complexion.

A long-tongued, babbling gossip? No, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives,¹ my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack² with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords, ye see, that I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI., bearing off the Nurse.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts.
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

¹ The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Rowe. Steevens thinks *Muliteus* a corruption for "*Muly lives*."

² To *pack* is to contrive insidiously.

SCENE III. *The same. A public Place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come ;—kinsmen, this is the way ;—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit ;
Be you remembered, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;
Happily you may find her in the sea ;
Yet there's as little justice as at land.—
No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth.
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you deliver him this petition.
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched ;
This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully ;
And feed his humor kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?

What,

Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.

Marry, for Justice, she is so employed,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-boned men, framed of the Cyclop's size:
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods
To send down justice for to wreak¹ our wrongs.
Come, to this gear.² You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you.—Here, *ad Apollinem*.—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas;—here, to Mercury;

To Saturn, Caius,³ not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid.

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court;
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,

Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon,
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

¹ Revenge.

² *Gear* is here put for matter, business.

³ *Caius* appears to have been one of the kinsmen of Titus.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord. When Publius shot,
The bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laughed, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes; God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clow. Ho! the gibbet-maker? He says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clow. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clow. From heaven? Alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,¹ to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clow. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

¹ The clown means to say, *plebeian tribune*; i. e. tribune of the people. Hammer supposes that he means *tribunus plebis*.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor;
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—meanwhile, here's money for thy
charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And
when you come to him, at the first approach, you must
kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons;
and then look for your reward; I'll be at hand, sir.
See you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go;—Publius, follow me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,
Lords, and others; SATURNINUS with the arrows in
his hand that TITUS shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever
seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of equal¹ justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath passed,
But even with law, against the wilful sons

¹ Equal.

Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress.
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep, and scarred his
heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze¹ with all. [*Aside.*]
But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out; if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? Wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you

¹ Flatter.

good den.—I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [SAT. reads the letter.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butchered wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honor, shall shape privilege.

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman;

Sly, frantie wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gathered head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head,

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.

'Tis he the common people love so much;

Myself hath often overheard them say,

(When I have walked like a private man,)

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succor him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious,¹ like thy name.

Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint² their melody;
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks³ to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador; [To ÆMIL.
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honorably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[Exit ÆMILIUS.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

¹ i. e. imperial.

² i. e. stop their melody. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“—— it stinted, and cried—ay.”

³ If by *honey-stalks* clover flowers are meant, it is an error to suppose that they produce the rot in sheep. Cows and oxen will indeed overcharge themselves with clover, and die.

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and colors.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,¹
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honorable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,—
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;²

¹ *Scath* is harm.

² "Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology, that no

And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
The crying babe controlled with this discourse :—
*Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor ;
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace !—even thus he rates the babe—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*
With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
Surprised him suddenly ; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand.
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye ;¹
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ; not a
word ?

A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder is brought, which AARON is obliged
to ascend.*]

very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms relative to the authenticity of Titus Andronicus."—*Stevens.*

¹ Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye."

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear.
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou
speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed.¹
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath.—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears;
To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow,
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O, most insatiate, luxurious² woman!

¹ i. e. performed in a manner exciting commiseration.

² i. e. lascivious.

Aur. Tut, Lucius ! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus ;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravished her,
And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut, and trimmed ;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them !
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set ;
That bloody mind, I think, they learned of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.¹—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay.
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons ;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
I played the cheater for thy father's hand ;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pried me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads ;
Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoounded² almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

¹ An allusion to bull-dogs ; whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front.

² The verb to *swoound*, which we now write *swoon*, was anciently in common use.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill ;
As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil ; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire ;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius ; what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths

The Roman emperor greets you all by me ;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.

1 *Goth.* What says our general ?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away.¹ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus ;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect ?
You are deceived ; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down ;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No ; not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action ?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk
with me.

¹ Perhaps this is a stage direction crept into the text.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson
lines ;

Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down and welcome
me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;
And then I'll come, and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves ;
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine¹ and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them² thy ministers? what are they called?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.

[*Exit* TITUS, *from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy;
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brainsick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too;—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,

¹ *Rape* and *rapine* appear to have been sometimes used, anciently, as synonymous terms.

² Similar violations of syntax, according to modern notions, are not unfrequent in our elder writers.

It were convenient you had such a devil ;
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee
wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lessoned us ; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house ; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys ? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord, the emperor,
How I have governed our determined jest ?
Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,
[*Aside.*]

And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad ;
And will o'erreach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hellhounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus. Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAMORA.*]

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed ?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Pub. What's your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius ; fie ! thou art too much deceived ;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name :
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure ;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c. *lay hold on*
CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear ; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA ; *she bear-*
ing a basin, and he a knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are
bound ;—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

Here stands the spring whom you have stained with
mud ;

This goodly summer with your winter mixed.

You killed her husband ; and, for that vile fault,

Two of her brothers were condemned to death ;

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest ;

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.

What would you say, if I should let you speak ?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin, that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.—

Hark, villains. I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste ;

And of the paste a coffin¹ I will rear,

¹ A *coffin* is the term for the crust of a raised pie.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallowed slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt* Goths, with AARON. *Flourish.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break¹ the
parle;

'These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordained to an honorable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome.

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.* *The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor resolve me this;

¹ i. e. end the debate.

Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stained, and defloured ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord !

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind !

Tit. Killed her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was ;
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished ? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat ? will't please your highness
feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius.

They ravished her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie ;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The
People in confusion disperse. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, and their partisans, ascend the
steps before TITUS's house.*]

Mar. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar severed, like a flight of fowl
Scattered by winds and high, tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend ; [*To Lucius ;*] as erst our
 ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To lovesick Dido's sad, attending ear,
The story of that baleful, burning night,
When subtle Greeks surprised king Priam's Troy.
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel ;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance ; even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain ; let him tell the tale ;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;
And they it were that ravished our sister :
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;
Our father's tears despised ; and basely cozened¹
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,

¹ i. e. "and he basely cozened."

The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
And I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood ;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas ! you know I am no vaunter, I ;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft ; methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me ;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an*
Attendant.

Of this was Tamora delivered ;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damned as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans
Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,¹
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak ; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor ; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's royal
emperor !

¹ i. e. *we*, the poor remainder, &c. will cast us down.

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house ;

[*To an Attendant.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful, slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's
gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans. May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !

But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—

For nature puts me to a heavy task ;—

Stand all aloof,—but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale, cold lips,

[*Kisses* TITUS.

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained face,

The last true duties of thy noble son !

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.

O, were the sum of these that I should pay

Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well ;

Many a time he danced thee on his knee,

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;

Many a matter hath he told to thee,

Meet and agreeing with thine infancy ;

In that respect, then, like a loving child,

Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so.

Friends should associate friends in grief and wo.

Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;

Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again !—

O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;

My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him ;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food.

If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom :
Some stay, to see him fastened in the earth.

Aur. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done ;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my will ;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damned Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning ;
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinete. [*Exeunt.*

ALL the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them ; for the color of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience ; yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne, but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing. JOHNSON.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

Mr. Douce observes that "the very great popularity of this play in former times may be supposed to have originated from the interest which the *story* must have excited. To trace the fable beyond the period in which the favorite romance of *Apollonius Tyrius* was composed, would be a vain attempt: that was the probable original; but of its author nothing decisive has been discovered. Some have maintained that it was originally written in Greek, and translated into Latin by a Christian about the time of the decline of the Roman empire; others have given it to Symposius, a writer whom they place in the eighth century, because the riddles which occur in the story are to be found in a work entitled *Symposii Enigmata*. It occurs in that storehouse of popular fiction, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and its antiquity is sufficiently evinced by the existence of an Anglo-Saxon version, mentioned in Wanley's list, and now in Bene't College, Cambridge. One Constantine is said to have translated it into modern Greek verse, about the year 1500, (this is probably the MS. mentioned by Duffresne in the index of authors appended to his Greek Glossary,) and afterwards printed at Venice in 1563. It had been printed in Latin prose, at Augsburg, in 1471, which is probably as early as the first dateless impression of the *Gesta Romanorum*.*

A very curious fragment of an old metrical romance on the subject, was in the collection of the late Dr. Farmer, and is now in my possession. This we have the authority of Mr. Tyrwhitt for placing at an earlier period than the time of Gower. The fragment consists of two leaves of parchment, which had been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose its edges were cut off, some words entirely lost, and the whole has suffered so much by time as to be scarcely legible. Yet I have considered it so curious a relic of our early poetry and language, that I have bestowed some pains in deciphering what remains, and have given a specimen or two in the notes toward the close of the play. I will here exhibit a further portion, comprising the name of the writer, who appears to have been Thomas Vicary, of Winborn Minster, in Dorsetshire. The portion I have given will continue the story of Apollonius (the Pericles of the play):—

Wit hys wyf in gret solas
 * * * * *
 He lyvede after this do was,

* "Towards the latter end of the twelfth century, Godfrey of Viterbo, in his *Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle*, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about two hundred years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. Reg. 14. c. xi.] :—

Pilia Selenci stat clara decore
 Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore
 Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters."—*Tyrwhitt*.

And had twey sones by iunge age
That wax wel farynge men:
 — the kyndom of Antioche
 Of Tīre and of Cirenē,
Came never werre on hys londe
Ne hungʳ, ne no mesayse
Bot hit yede wel an hond,
He lyvede well at ayse.
He wrot twey bokys of hys lyf,
That in to hys owene bible he sette
 — at byddyngē of hys wyf,
He lasse at Ephese thʳ he her fette.
He rulde hys londe in goud manere,
Tho he drow to age,
Anatogora he made king of Tīre,
That was his owene heritage.
 — best sone of that empire
He made king of Aitnage
 — that he louede dure,
 Of Cirenē thʳ was —
Whan that he hadde al thys y dyght
Cam deth and axede hys fee,
 — hys soule to God al myght
So wol God thʳ hit bee,
And sende ech housbonde grace
For to love so hys wyf
That cherysed hem wit oute trespace
As sche dyde hym al here lyf,
 — me on alle lyues space
Heer to amende our mysdede,
In blisse of heuene to have a place ;
Amen ye singe here y rede.
In trouth thys was translatyd
Almost at Engelondes ende,
 — to the makers stat
Tak sich a mynde,
 — have ytake hys bedys on hond
And sayde hys patʳ nostʳ & crede,
Thomas vicary y understand
At Wymborne mynstre in that stede,
 — y thoughte you have wryte
Hit is nought worth to be knowe,
Ze that woll the sothe y wyte
Go thider and men wol the schewe,
Now Fader & sone & holy gost
To wham y elemde at my bygynninge,
And God he hys of myghtes most
Brynge us alle to a goud endyngē,
Lede us wide the payne of helle
O God lord & pʳsones three
In to the blysse of heuene to dwelle,
 Amen pʳ Charite.

Explicit APPOLONI TYRUS REX nobilis & vʳtuosus, &c.

This story is also related by Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. vii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. Most of the incidents of the play are found in his

narration, and a few of his expressions are occasionally borrowed. Gower by his own acknowledgment, took his story from the Pantheon of Geoffrey of Viterbo; and the author of *Pericles* professes to have followed Gower.

Chaucer also refers to the story in *The Man of Lawe's Prologue*:—

“Or elles of Tyrius Appolonius,
How that the cursed king Antiochus,
Beraft his daughter of hire maidenhede;
That is so horrible a tale for to rede,” &c.

A French translation from the Latin prose, evidently of the fifteenth century, is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, 20, c. ii. There are several more recent French translations of the story—one under the title of “*La Chronique d'Appolin Roi de Thyr*,” 4to. Geneva, blk. l. no date; another by Gilles Corrozet, Paris, 1530, 8vo. It is also printed in the seventh vol. of the *Histoires Tragiques de Belleforest*, 12mo. 1604; and, modernized by M. Le Brun, was printed at Amsterdam in 1710, and Paris in 1711, 12mo. There is an abstract of the story in the *Mélanges tirés d'une grande Bibliothèque*, vol. lxiv. p. 265.

The first English prose version of the story, translated by Robert Copland, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1510. It was again translated by T. Twine, and originally published by W. Howe, 1576. Of this there was a second impression in 1607, under the title of *The Patterne of painful Adventures*, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Accidents that befel unto Prince Appolonius, the Lady Lucina his Wife, and Tharsia his Daughter, &c.; translated into English by T. Twine, Gent. The Poet seems to have made use of this prose narration as well as of Gower.

“That the *greater part*, if not the whole, of this drama, was the *composition of Shakspeare*, and that it is to be considered as his *earliest* dramatic effort, are positions, of which the first has been rendered highly probable by the elaborate disquisitions of Messrs. Steevens and Malone, and may possibly be placed in a clearer point of view by a more condensed and lucid arrangement of the testimony already produced, and by a further discussion of the merits and peculiarities of the play itself; while the second will, we trust, receive additional support by inferences legitimately deduced from a comprehensive survey of scattered and hitherto insulated premises.”

The evidence required for the establishment of a high degree of probability under the first of these positions, necessarily divides itself into two parts—the *external* and the *internal* evidence. The former commences with the original edition of *Pericles*, which was entered on the Stationers' books by Edward Bleunt, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, on the 20th of May, 1608, but did not, pass the press until the subsequent year, when it was published, not, as might have been expected, by Blount, but by one Henry Gosson, who placed Shakspeare's name at full length in the title page. It is worthy of remark, also, that this edition was entered at Stationers' Hall, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that it (and the three following editions, which were also in quarto) was styled in the title page *the much admired play of Pericles*. As the entry, however, was by Blount, and the edition by Gosson, it is probable that the former had been anticipated by the latter, through the procuration of a play-house copy. It may also be added, that *Pericles* was performed at Shakspeare's own theatre, *The Globe*. The next ascription of this play to our Author, is in a poem entitled *The Times Displayed*, in *Six Sestiyads*, by S. Sheppard, 4to. 1646, dedicated to Philip

Herbert, earl of Pembroke, and containing in the ninth stanza of the sixth Sestiad a positive assertion of Shakspeare's property in this drama:—

“ See him whose tragic sceans Euripides
Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
Compare *great Shakspear*; Aristophanes
Never like him his fancy could display,
Witness the *Prince of Tyre*, his Pericles.”

This high eulogium on Pericles received a direct contradiction very shortly afterwards from the pen of an obscure poet named Tatham, who bears, however, an equally strong testimony as to Shakspeare's being the author of the piece, which he thus presumes to censure:—

“ But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was
Foundered in his *Pericles*, and must not pass.”

To these testimonies in 1646 and 1652, full and unqualified, and made at no distant period from the death of the Bard to whom they relate, we have to add the still more forcible and striking declaration of Dryden, who tells us, in 1677, and in words as strong and decisive as he could select, that

“ Shakspeare's *own muse* his *Pericles* first bore.”

“ The only drawback on this accumulation of external evidence, is the omission of Pericles in the first edition of our Author's works; a negative fact, which can have little weight, when we recollect that both the memory and judgment of Heminge and Condell, the Poet's editors, were so defective, that they had *forgotten Troilus and Cressida*, until the entire folio, and the table of contents, had been printed; and admitted Titus Andronicus and the *Historical Play of King Henry the Sixth*, probably for no other reasons than that the former had been, from its unmerited popularity, brought forward by Shakspeare on his own theatre, though, there is sufficient internal evidence to prove, without the addition of a single line; and because the latter, with a similar predilection of the lower orders in its favor, had obtained a similar, though not a more labored attention from our Poet, and was therefore deemed by his editors, though very unnecessarily, a requisite introduction to the two plays on the reign of that monarch, which Shakspeare had really new-modeled.”

“ It cannot, consequently, be surprising, as they had *forgotten Troilus and Cressida* until the folio had been printed, they should have forgotten Pericles until the same folio had been in circulation, and when it was too late to correct the omission; an error which the second folio has, without doubt or examination, blindly copied.”

“ If the external evidence in support of Shakspeare being the author of the greater part of this play be striking, the *internal* must be pronounced still more so, and, indeed, absolutely decisive of the question; for, whether we consider the style and phraseology, or the imagery, sentiment, and humor, the approximation to our Author's uncontested dramas appears so close, frequent, and peculiar, as to stamp irresistible conviction on the mind.

“ The result has, accordingly, been such as might have been predicted, under the assumption of the play being genuine; for the more it has been examined, the more clearly has Shakspeare's large property in it been established. It is curious, indeed, to note the increased tone of confidence which each successive commentator has assumed, in proportion as he has weighed the testimony arising from the piece itself. *Rowe*, in his

first edition, says, 'It is *owned* that some part of *Pericles* *certainly* was written by him, particularly the last act.' *Dr. Farmer* observes, that the hand of Shakspeare may be seen in the latter part of the play. *Dr. Percy* remarks that 'more of the phraseology used in the genuine dramas of Shakspeare prevails in *Pericles* than in any of the other six doubted plays.' *Steevens* says, 'I admit, without reserve, that Shakspeare—

'—— whose hopeful colors
Advance a half-faced sun, striving to shine'—

is visible in *many scenes throughout the play*;—the *purpurei panni* are Shakspeare's, and the rest the production of some inglorious and forgotten playwright;—adding, in a subsequent paragraph, that *Pericles* is valuable, 'as the engravings of *Mark Antonio* are valuable, not only on account of their beauty, but because they are supposed to have been executed under the eye of *Raffaello*.' *Malone* gives it as his corrected opinion, that 'the congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in Shakspeare's undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the color of the style,—all these combine to set his seal on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him.' On this ground he thinks the greater part of the three last acts may be safely ascribed to him; and that his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two. 'Many will be of opinion (says *Mr. Douce*) that it contains more that *Shakspeare* might have written than either *Love's Labor's Lost*, or *All's Well that Ends Well*.

"For satisfactory proof that the style, phraseology, and imagery of the greater part of this play are truly Shakspearian, the reader has only to attend to the numerous coincidences which, in these respects, occur between *Pericles* and the Poet's subsequent productions; similitudes so striking, as to leave no doubt that they originated from one and the same source.

"If we attend, however, a little further to the *dramatic construction* of *Pericles*, to its *humor, sentiment, and character*, not only shall we find additional evidence in favor of its being, in a great degree, the product of our Author, but fresh cause, it is expected, for awarding it a higher estimation than it has hitherto obtained."

Dr. Drake enters much more at large into the argument for establishing this as a juvenile effort of our great Poet, and for placing the date of its composition in the year 1590; but we must content ourselves with referring the reader to his work for these particulars. He continues:—

"*Steevens* thinks that this play was originally named *Pyrocles*, after the hero of *Sidney's Arcadia*; the character, as he justly observes, not bearing the smallest affinity to that of the Athenian statesman. 'It is remarkable,' says he, 'that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit *Sidney's* worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate heroes were advanced to such honor, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? *Musidorus* (his companion), *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, *Phalantus* and *Eudora*, *Andromana*, &c., furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by *Sidney* had once such popularity, that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. I must add, that the *Appolyn* of the *Story-book* and *Gower* could only have been rejected to make

room for a more favorite name; yet, however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that of *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that Shakspeare designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter (a name of almost similar sound) into the place of the former.' 'This conjecture will amount almost to certainty, if we diligently compare *Pericles* with the *Pyrocles* of the *Arcadia*; the same romantic, versatile, and sensitive disposition is ascribed to both characters, and several of the incidents pertaining to the latter are found mingled with the adventures of the former personage; while throughout the play, the obligations of its Author to various other parts of the romance may be frequently and distinctly traced, not only in the assumption of an image or a sentiment, but in the adoption of the very words of his once popular predecessor, proving incontestibly the Poet's familiarity with and study of the *Arcadia* to have been very considerable.

"However wild and extravagant the fable of *Pericles* may appear, if we consider its numerous choruses, its pageantry, and dumb shows, its continual succession of incidents, and the great length of time which they occupy, yet it is, we may venture to assert, the most spirited and pleasing specimen of the nature and fabric of our earliest romantic drama which we possess, and the most valuable, as it is the only one with which Shakspeare has favored us. We should therefore welcome this play as an admirable example of 'the neglected favorites of our ancestors, with something of the same feeling that is experienced in the reception of an old and valued friend of our fathers or grandfathers. Nay, we should like it the better for its gothic appendages of pageants and choruses, to explain the intricacies of the fable; and we can see no objection to the dramatic representation even of a series of ages in a single night, that does not apply to every description of poem, which leads, in perusal, from the fireside, at which we are sitting, to a succession of remote periods and distant countries. In these matters, Faith is all powerful; and without her influence, the most chastely cold and critically correct of dramas is precisely as unreal as the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or the *Winter's Tale*.'

"A still more powerful attraction in *Pericles* is, that the interest accumulates as the story proceeds; for, though many of the characters in the earlier part of the drama, such as *Antiochus* and his *Daughter*, *Simonides* and *Thaisa*, *Cleon* and *Dionysa*, disappear and drop into oblivion, their places are supplied by more pleasing and efficient agents, who are not less fugacious, but better calculated for theatric effect. The inequalities of this production are, indeed, considerable, and only to be accounted for, with probability, on the supposition that Shakspeare either accepted a coadjutor, or improved on the rough sketch of a previous writer. The former, for many reasons, seems entitled to a preference, and will explain why, in compliment to his dramatic friend, he has suffered a few passages, and one entire scene, of a character totally dissimilar to his own style and mode of composition, to stand uncorrected; for who does not perceive, that of the closing scene of the second act, not a sentence or a word escaped from the pen of Shakspeare?

"No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than *Pericles*, and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced in the first and second acts; after which, feeling the incompetency of his fellow-laborer, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth acts

neering indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master." *

"The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in every page. I mention these circumstances only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more license with this drama than would have been justifiable if the old copies had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber."—*Malone*.

* Shakspeare and his Times, by Dr. Drake, vol. ii. p. 262 and seq

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
 PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
 HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
 ESCANES, }
 SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.**
 CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
 LYSIMACHIUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
 CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
 THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*
 PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*
 LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.* Marshal.
 A Pander and his Wife. BOULT, *their Servant.*
 GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
 DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*
 THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*
 MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
 Lychorida, *Nurse to Marina.* DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,
 Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, *dispersedly in various Countries.†*

* We meet with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of five cities. *Pentapolis* occurs in the thirty-seventh chapter of King Appolyn of Tyre, 1510; in Gower; the *Gesta Romanorum*; and Twine's translation from it. Its site is marked in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, Brit. Mus. Tiberius, b. v. In the original Latin romance of Apollonius Tyrius, it is most accurately called *Pentapolis Cyrenorum*, and was, as both Strabo and Ptolemy inform us, a district of Cyrenaica in Africa, comprising five cities, of which Cyrene was one.

† That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phœnicia, in Asia; *Tharsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.



H. H. H. H.

J. Kelly

Thais

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*¹ *Before the Palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song that old² was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
 It hath been sung at festivals,
 On ember-eves, and holy ales ;³
 And lords and ladies in their lives
 Have read it for restoratives.
 The purchase⁴ is to make men glorious ;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
 If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
 This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up this city for his chiefest seat ;
 The fairest in all Syria ;
 (I tell you what mine authors say ;)

¹ Chorus, in the character of Gower, an ancient English poet, who has related the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*.

² i. e. that of old.

³ That is, says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has "holy days."

⁴ "The *purchase*" is the reading of the old copy, which Steevens changed to *purpose*. The word *purchase* was anciently used to signify *gain, profit* ; any *good* or *advantage* obtained.

This king unto him took a pheere,¹
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face;²
 As Heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke.
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom what they did begin,
 Was, with long use, account³ no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,⁴
 To seek her as a bedfellow,
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow;
 Which to prevent, he made a law
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)⁵
 That whoso asked her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life.
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.⁶
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify.⁷ [Exit.

SCENE I. Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre,⁸ you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

¹ *Wife*; the word signifies a *mate* or *companion*.

² i. e. completely beautiful.

³ *Account* for accounted.

⁴ i. e. *shape* or *direct* their course thither.

⁵ "To keep her still to *himself*, and to deter others from demanding her in marriage."

⁶ Gower must be supposed to point to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights were fixed.

⁷ *Which* (the judgment of your eye) best can *justify*, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature.

⁸ By *prince*, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant*.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Imboldened with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [*Music.*

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,¹
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,)²
The senate-house of planets all did sit.
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparelled like the
spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!³
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever rased, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.⁴
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,——

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,⁵
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;

¹ In the old copy this line stands:—

“*Music*, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride.”

Malone thinks it a marginal direction inserted in the text by mistake.
Mr. Boswell thinks it only an Alexandrine.

² The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus.

³ “The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue *that* gives renown to men.”

⁴ By “her mild companion” “the companion of her mildness” is meant.

⁵ *Hesperides* is here taken for the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we find it in *Love’s Labor’s Lost*, Act iv

And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going¹ on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must.²
For death remembered, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will, then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,³
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do:
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then,
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, mayst thou prove prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!⁴

¹ i. e. "for fear of going," or "lest they should go."

² That is, "to prepare this body for that state to which I must come."

³ "I will act as sick men do; who, having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length, feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity."

⁴ The old copy reads:—

"Of all said yet, mayst thou prove prosperous;
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness!"

The emendation is Mr. Mason's.

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labor,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I, mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last.¹ But O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill.
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,²
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, fingered to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken,
But, being played upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

¹ i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it.

² i. e. he is no perfect or honest man that knowing, &c.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
 For vice repeated, is like the wandering wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;¹
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
 casts

Copped² hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
 thronged³

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die
 for't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

All love the womb that their first beings bred;

Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
 the meaning;—

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of
 Tyre,

Though by the tenor of our strict edict,

Your exposition misinterpreting,

We might proceed to cancel of your days;⁴

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.

Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,

This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son;

And until then, your entertain shall be,

As doth befit our honor, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANT., his Daughter, and Attend.*]

¹ Pericles means by this similitude to show the danger of revealing the crimes of princes; for as they feel hurt by the publication of their shame, they will of course prevent the repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged. He pursues the same idea in the instance of the mole.

² "Copped hills" are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugarloaf. In Anglo-Saxon, *cop* is a head.

³ Steevens altered *thronged* to *wronged*; but apparently without necessity.

⁴ To the destruction of your life.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin !
When what is done is like a hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where¹ now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father ;)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun² no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame ;
Then, lest my life be cropped to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we
mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner.
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honor must keep high.
Who attends on us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

¹ *Where* has here the power of *whereas*. It occurs again in Act ii. Sc. 3.

² The old copy erroneously reads *show*. The emendation is Malone's

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes¹ her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold.
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.²

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, *Prince Pericles is dead.*

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure; so farewell to your highness.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succor to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us; why should this change
of thought?³
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
By me so used a guest is, not an hour,

¹ In *The Winter's Tale* the word *partake* is used in an active sense for *participate*.

² These words are addressed to the messenger, who enters in haste.

³ "Why should this change in our thoughts *disturb us*?"

In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me
quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by misdread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.

And so with me; the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,
Nor boots it me to say, I honor him,¹

If he suspect I may dishonor him.

And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war² will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquished, ere they do resist,
And subjects punished, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am³ no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

¹ *Him* was supplied by Rowe for the sake of the metre.

² Old copies:—

“And with the *stent* of war will look so huge.”

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

³ The old copy reads, “Who *once* no more,” &c. The emendation is by Steevens. Malone reads, “Who *wants* no more,” &c.

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him ;
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
To which that breath¹ gives heat and stronger
glowing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When seignior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,
thou

Hast moved us ; what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself ;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise ;
Sit down, sit down ; thou art no flatterer.
I thank thee for it ; and high Heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid !
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do ?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus ;

¹ i. e. the breath of flattery. The word *spark* was here accidentally repeated by the compositor in the old copy.

And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.¹

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave
to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who, either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.
But in our orbs ² we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,³
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Tyre. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here
must I kill king Pericles ; and if I do not, I am sure to

¹ That is, to lament their fate. The first quarto reads, "to grieve for them."

² i. e. in our different spheres.

³ Overcome.

be hanged at home; 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that—being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.¹ Now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His sealed commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! *[Aside.]*

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch? *[Aside.]*

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so;
And doubting lest that he had erred or sinned,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive *[Aside.]*
I shall not be hanged now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scaped the land, to perish on the seas.²—
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

¹ Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's *Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare*, or *Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 27:—"I will therefore commende the poet Philipides, who being demaunded by king Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the king:—That your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets.*"

² The old copy reads:—

"But since he's gone *the king's seas* must please:
He scaped the land, to perish *at the sea.*"

The emendation is by Dr. Percy.

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since¹
Commended to our master, not to us.
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,²
But like to groves, being topped, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If the gods slumber,³ while their creatures want,

¹ The adverb *since*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by Steevens for the sake of sense and metre.

² The old copy reads:—

“——— and seen with mischiefs eye.”

The alteration was made by Steevens.

³ The old copy reads, “If *heaven* slumber,” &c. This was probably an alteration of the licenser of the press.

They may awake their helps to comfort them.
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
 A city on whom Plenty held full hand,
 (For riches strewed herself even in the streets,)
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kissed the
 clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wondered at;
 Whose men and dames so jetted¹ and adorned,
 Like one another's glass to trim them by:
 Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feed on, as delight;
 All poverty was scorned, and pride so great,
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what Heaven can do! By this our
 change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
 Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defiled for want of use,
 They are now starved for want of exercise.
 Those palates, who, not yet two summers younger,²
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread and beg for it.
 Those mothers who, to nouse³ up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.

¹ To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly.

² The old copy has:—

“—— who not yet too *savers* younger.”

The emendation was proposed by Mason.

³ Thus in *New Custom*; *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. i. p. 284:—

“Borne to all wickedness, and *nusted* in all evil.”

So *Spenser*, *Faerie Queene*, i. vi. 23:—

“Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
 He *noused* up in life and manners wilde.”

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
 For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighboring
 shore,
 A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
 One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
 That may succeed as his inheritor;
 And so in ours. Some neighboring nation,
 Taking advantage of our misery,
 Hath stuffed these hollow vessels with their power,¹
 To beat us down, the which are down already;
 And make a conquest of unhappy me,²
 Whereas³ no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
 Of their white flags displayed, they bring us peace,
 And come to us as favorers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him⁴ untutored to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
 But bring they what they will, what need we fear?

¹ By *power* is meant *forces*.

² A letter has been probably dropped at press: we may read, "of unhappy men."

³ It has been already observed, that *whereas* was sometimes used for *where*; as well as the converse, *where* for *whereas*.

⁴ The quarto of 1609 reads:—

"Thou speak'st like *himnes* untutored to repeat."

The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.¹
 Go tell their general, we attend him here,
 To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
 And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Cle. Welcome is peace; if he on peace consist;²
 If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor,—for so we hear you are,—
 Let not our ships, and number of our men,
 Be, like a beacon fired, to amaze your eyes.
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
 And seen the desolation of your streets!
 Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
 But to relieve them of their heavy load;
 And these our ships you happily may think
 Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuffed within,
 With bloody views, expecting overthrow,³
 Are stored with corn, to make your needy bread,
 And give them life, who are hunger-starved, half dead
All. The gods of Greece protect you!
 And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
 We do not look for reverence, but for love;
 And harborage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of Heaven and men succeed their evils!

¹ The quarto of 1619 reads:—

“But bring they what they will, *and what they can*,
 What need we fear?
 The ground's the low'st, and we are halfway there.”

² i. e. if he *rest* or *stand* on peace.

³ The old copy reads:—

‘And these our ships you happily may think
 Are like the Trojan horse, *was* stuffed within
 With bloody *veines*,” &c.

The emendation is Steevens's.

Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
 Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis, to incest bring;
 A better prince, and benign lord,
 Prove awful both in deed and word.¹
 Be quiet, then, as men should be,
 Till he hath passed necessity.
 I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
 The good in conversation,
 (To whom I give my benizon,)
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man²
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can;³
 And, to remember what he does,
 Gild his statue to make it glorious.
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

*Enter, at one door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON;
 all the Train with them. Enter, at another door, a*

¹ i. e. *you have seen* a better prince, &c. that will prove *awful*," i. e. *reverent*. The verb in the first line is carried on to the third.

² "The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every man," &c. *Conversation* is *conduct*, behavior.

³ "Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were Holy Writ."

Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane, that staid at home,¹
 Not to eat honey, like a drone,
 From others' labors; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive;
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre;²
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
 And hid intent, to murder him;
 And that in Tharsus was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest.
 He knowing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease,
 For now the wind begins to blow;
 Thunder above, and deeps below,
 Make such unquiet, that the ship
 Should house him safe, is wrecked and split;
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost;
 All perishen of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen but himself;
 Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad;
 And here he comes: what shall be next,—
 Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. Pentapolis. *An open Place by the
 Sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man

¹ Thus the old copy. Steevens reads:—

“Good Helicane *hath* staid at home.”

² Old copy:—“*Saved one* of all,” &c. The emendation is Steevens's.

Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Washed me from shore to shore, and left me breath
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death.
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
 And having thrown him from your watery grave
 Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche !¹

2 *Fish.* Ho ! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come away,
 or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.²

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
 men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to
 hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them,
 when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I
 saw the porpoise, how he bounced and tumbled ? They
 say they are half fish, half flesh : a plague on them,
 they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master,
 I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land ; the great ones
 eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers
 to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles,
 driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours
 them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard
 on a'the land, who never leave gaping till they've

¹ The old copy reads :—

“What to *pelche*.”

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who remarks that *Pilche* is a *leathern coat*.

² This expression, which is equivalent to *with a mischief*, or *with a vengeance*, is of very frequent occurrence in old writers.

swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these 'drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.¹

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea; to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

¹ The old copy reads, "If it be a day fits you *search out* of the calendar, and *nobody look after it*." Some remark upon the *day* appears to have been omitted. Steevens supplied it thus:—

"*Per.* Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen;
The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation."

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt:—

"Y' may *see* the sea hath cast me upon your coast."

The emendation is by Steevens.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then ?

Per. I never practised it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure ; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know ;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on ;
A man shrunk up with cold. My veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help ;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth-a ? Now, gods forbid ! I have a gown here ; come, put it on ; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holydays, fish for fasting-days, and, moreover, puddings and flap-jacks,¹ and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave ? Then I'll turn craver, too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then ?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all ; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. *[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.]*

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labor !

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir ! do you know where you are ?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you ; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him ?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir ; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign and good government.

¹ *Flap-jacks* are *pancakes*.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.¹

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't,² 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.

Per. An armor, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own,³ part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) *Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace;⁴) For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.*

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calmed, have given it again;
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

¹ The fisherman *may* be supposed to begin a new sentence—"His wife's soul;" but here he is interrupted by his comrades.

² This comic execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent.

³ i. e. and *I thank you*, though it was mine own.

⁴ The *brace* is the armor for the arm.

1 *Fish*. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee
good on't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that
made up this garment through the rough seams of the
waters; there are certain condolences, certain vails.
I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence
you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rupture¹ of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding² on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.³

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide. Thou shalt have my
best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to
the court myself.

Per. Then honor be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.]

¹ The *rupture* of the sea may mean the breaking of the sea, as Malone suggests; Mr. Singer proposes to read *rapture*; i. e. violent seizure.

² The old copy reads, "his *building*;" but *biding* was probably the Poet's word. Any ornament of enchased gold was anciently styled a *jewel*.

³ *Bases* were a sort of petticoat that hung down to the knees. The Highlanders wear a kind of bases at this day.

SCENE II. *The same. A public Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them,¹ we are ready; and our daughter, In honor of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which Heaven makes like to itself. As jewels lose their glory, if neglected, So princes their renown, if not respected. 'Tis now your honor,² daughter, to explain The labor of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight: he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun; The word,³ *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

¹ i. e. return them notice that we are ready, &c.

² The sense would be clearer were we to substitute both in this and in the following instance *office* for *honor*. *Honor* may, however, mean her situation as queen of the feast, as she is afterwards called.

³ i. e. the *mot* or *molto*. See *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 5:—"Now to my word."

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
 And the device he bears upon his shield
 Is an armed knight, that's conquered by a lady ;
 The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça*.¹ [*The third Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the third ?

Thai. The third, of Antioch ;
 And his device, a wreath of chivalry ;
 The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex*.² [*The fourth Knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down ;
 The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
 Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds ;
 Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried ;
 The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[*The sixth Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself
 With such a graceful courtesy delivered ?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present is
 A withered branch, that's only green at top ;
 The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.³

Sim. A pretty moral ;
 From the dejected state wherein he is,
 He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show

¹ i. e. more by sweetness than by force. It should be "*Mas per dulçura*," &c. *Piu* is Italian, not Spanish.

² The work which appears to have furnished the author of the play with this and the two subsequent devices of the knights, has the following title:—"The heroical Devices of M. Claudius Paradin, canon of Beaugen; whereunto are added the Lord Gabriel Symeon's, and others. Translated out of Latin into English, by P. S." 1591, 24mo. Mr. Douce has given copies of some of them in his *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 126.

³ This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's translation of Paulus Jovius, 1585 ; in which it will be found at sig. H. 7. b.

Can any way speak in his just commend ?

For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To have practised more the whipstock,¹ than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honored triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armor rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.²

But stay, the knights are coming ; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight*

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of State.
A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast ;
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed ;
And you're her labored scholar. Come, queen o' the
feast,

¹ i. e. the carter's whip.

² i. e. "that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit."
Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place ;
 Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honored much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days ; honor we love,
 For who hates honor, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir ; for we are gentlemen,
 That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
 Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir ; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
 These cates resist me,¹ she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
 Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
 Do seem unsavory, wishing him my meat ;
 Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman.
 He has done no more than other knights have done ;
 Broken a staff, or so ; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
 Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;
 Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
 And he the sun, for them to reverence.
 None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
 Did vail² their crowns to his supremacy ;
 Where³ now his son's a glowworm in the night,
 The which hath fire in darkness, none in light ;
 Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
 For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
 And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights ?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence ?

¹ i. e. "these delicacies go against my stomach."—The old copy gives this speech to Simonides, and reads, "he not thought upon."

² Lower.

³ Where is here again used for *whereas*.

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile ;
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father ?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter.
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honor them ; and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but killed
Are wondered at.¹
Therefore to make his entrance² more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold ;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How !
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better. [*Aside*

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

¹ The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster ; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it.

² By his *entrance* appears to be meant his present *trance*, the *reverie* in which he is sitting.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;) Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armors, as you are addressed,¹
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well asked, 'twas so well performed.

Come, sir,

Here is a lady that wants breathing too;
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well;
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights,
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings. Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

¹ "As you are accoutred, prepared for combat."

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at.
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
'To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest lived not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer,
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store.
Due to this heinous, capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivelled up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them¹ ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
'This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar Heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.²

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

2 *Lord.* Follow me, then. Lord Helicane, a word.

¹ i. e. *which* adored them.

² To what this charge of partiality was designed to conduct, we do not learn; for it appears to have no influence over the rest of the dialogue.

Hel. With me? and welcome. Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved,¹ he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure;²
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honor's cause, forbear your suffrages;
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,³
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i' the absence of your king;⁴
If in which time expired, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,

¹ Satisfied.

² i. e. "the most probable in our opinion." *Censure* is frequently used for *judgment*, *opinion*, by Shakspeare.

³ The old copy reads:—

"Take I your wish, I leap into the seas," &c.

Steevens contends for the old reading, that it is merely figurative.

⁴ Some word being omitted in this line in the old copy, Steevens thus supplied it:—

"To forbear *choice* i' the absence of your king."

And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord*. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield ;
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavor it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands ;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE V. Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter ; the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight*. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you
know,

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my lord ?

Sim. Faith, by no means ; she hath so strictly tied
her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery ;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honor will not break it.

3 *Knight*. Though loath to bid farewell, we take
our leaves. [*Exeunt*

Sim. So,

They're well despatched ; now to my daughter's letter
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger-knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well ; your choice agrees with mine ;
I like that well. Nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no !

Well, I commend her choice ;

And will no longer have it be delayed.
Soft, here he comes ;—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !

Sim. To you as much, sir ! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night. My ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful, pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think,
sir, of

My daughter ?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair, too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be ; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here ?

A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre !

'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life. *[Aside.*

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger, and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honor her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and thou
art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence ;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per.

Traitor !

Sim.

Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*Aside**Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honor's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state ;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove his honor's enemy.*Sim.* No!—

Here comes my daughter ; she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.**Per.* Then as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you ?*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad.*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame
you ;

I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger ?(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*

Hear, therefore, mistress ; frame your will to mine,—

And you, sir, hear you.—Either be ruled by me,

Or I will make you—man and wife.—

Nay, come ; your hands and lips must seal it too.—

And being joined, I'll thus your hopes destroy ;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy !

What, are you both pleased ?

Thai.

Yes, if you love me, sir

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.¹

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gower. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The eat, with cyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;²
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants: a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former.³ Then

¹ The quarto of 1619 reads:—

“Even as my life or blood that fosters it.”

² Elke out.

³ The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre.

enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices; she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch¹
 Of Pericles the careful search
 By the four opposing coignes,
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expense,
 Can stead the quest.² At last from Tyre,
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought; the tenor these :
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead :
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre; but he will none.
 The mutiny there he hastes t'oppress;³
 Says to them, if king Pericles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound.
*Our heir apparent is a king;
 Who dreamed, who thought of such a thing?*
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre;
 His queen, with child, makes her desire,
 (Which, who shall cross?) along to go;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe :)
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes

¹ *Dearn* signifies lonely, solitary. A perch is a measure of five yards and a half.

² i. e. help, befriend, or assist the search.

³ i. e. to suppress: opprimere.

On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
 Varies again; the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-neighbor!¹
 Doth fall in travail with her fear;
 And what ensues in this fell storm
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate; action may
 Conveniently the rest convey;
 Which might not what by me is told.²
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship,³ upon whose deck
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou god of this great vast,⁴ rebuke these surges,

¹ An exclamation equivalent to *well-a-day*.

² "The further consequences of this storm I shall not describe; what ensues may be conveniently exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related."

³ It is clear, from these lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.

⁴ It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath. "This great vast" is "this wide expanse." This speech is exhibited in so strange a form in the old editions, that it is here given to enable the reader to judge in what a corrupt state it has come down to us, and be induced to treat the attempts to restore it to integrity with indulgence:—

"The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
 Upon the windes commaund, bind them in brasse;
 Having called them from the deepe, o still
 Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench
 Thy nimble sulphurous flashes, o How Lychorida!
 How does my queene? thou storm venemously,

Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having called them from the deep ! O, still thy deaf-
ening,

Thy dreadful thunders ; gently quench thy nimble
Sulphureous flashes !—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen !—Thou storm, thou ! venomously¹
Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida !—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida—

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit,² would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How ! how, Lychorida !

Lyc. Patience, good sir ; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter ; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Wilt thou speat all thyself ? the sea-mans whistle
Is as a whisper in the cares of death,
Unheard Lychorida ? Lucina oh !
Divinest patroness and my wife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing boat, make swift the pangucs
Of my queenes travayles ? now Lychorida ?”

Pericles, having called to Lychorida, without the power to make her hear, on account of the tempest, at last, with frantic peevishness, addresses himself to it :—

“ ——— Thou storm thou ! venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself ? ”—

Having indulged himself in this question, he grows cooler, and observes that the very boatswain's whistle has no more effect on the sailors than the voices of those who speak to the dead. He then repeats his inquiries of Lychorida, but, receiving no answer, concludes with a prayer for his queen.

¹ Maliciously.

² i. e. “ who if it had *thought*.”

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie¹ honor with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustering birth had never babe.
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!²
For thou art the rudeliest welcomed to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding³ a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,⁴
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;⁵
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins⁶ there; thou wilt not, wilt
thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brime and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the
ship be cleared of the dead.

¹ That is, "*contend* with you in honor." The old copy reads, "*Use* honor with you."

² *Conditions* are *qualities*, dispositions of mind.

³ i. e. *noisy*.

⁴ i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is here used for *conveyance* into life.

⁵ A *flaw* is a stormy gust of wind.

⁶ *Bolins* or *boulines* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavorable. They are slackened when it is high.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir ; with us at sea it still hath been observed ; and we are strong in custom.¹ Therefore briefly yield her ; for she must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen !

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear,
No light, no fire. The unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely confined, in the ooze ;²
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining³ lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer :⁴ lay the babe
Upon the pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her : suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* Lychorida.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, calked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this ?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre.⁵ When canst thou reach it ?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.

¹ The old copy reads, "strong in *easterne*." The emendation is Mr. Boswell's.

² Old copy, "in *oare*."

³ The old copies erroneously read :—

"The *air*-remaining lamps."

The emendation is Malone's. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead, perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*) lamps were supposed to be lighted.

⁴ The old copies have *coffin*. Pericles does not mean to bury his queen in this coffer (which was probably one lined with satin), but to take from thence the *cloth of state*, in which she was afterwards shrouded.

⁵ "Change thy course, which is now *for Tyre*, and go to *Tharsus*."

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
 I'll bring the body presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
 It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
 Till now I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return:
 There's nothing can be ministered to nature,
 That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
 And tell me how it works.¹ *[To PHILEMON.]*

[Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who had been shipwrecked.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,
 Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

¹ The precedent words show that the physic cannot be designed for the master of the servant here introduced. Perhaps the circumstance was introduced for no other reason than to mark more strongly the extensive benevolence of Cerimon.

Shook, as the earth did quake ;
 The very principals ¹ did seem to rend,
 And all to topple ; pure surprise and fear
 Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early ;
 'Tis not our husbandry.²

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
 Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
 Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
 It is most strange,
 Nature should be so conversant with pain,
 Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I held it ever,
 Virtue and cunning³ were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches. Careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend ;
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever
 Have studied physie, through which secret art,
 By turning o'er authorities, I have
 (Together with my practice) made familiar
 To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures ; which give me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.⁴

2 *Gent.* Your honor has through Ephesus poured forth
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restored ;
 And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even

¹ The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.

² *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence.

³ i. e. knowledge.

⁴ Mr. Steevens had seen an old Flemish print in which *Death* was exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (dis-
 criminated by his bauble, &c.) was standing behind and grinning at the
 process.

Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter two Servants, with a chest

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down; let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis calked and bitumed!—
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As tossed it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odor.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent god! what's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and en-
treasured
With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[Unfolds a scroll]

*Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)¹*

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

[Reads.]

¹ In Twine's Translation of the story of Apollonius of Tyre, this uncommon phrase, *a-land*, is repeatedly used.

*Who finds her, give her burying ;
She was the daughter of a king ;
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity !*

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe !—This chanced to-night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night ;
For look, how fresh she looks !—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within ;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more ;—how thou stirrest, thou block !
The music there.—I pray you, give her air.—
Gentlemen,
This queen will live. Nature awakes ; a warmth
Breathes out of her ; she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again !

1 *Gent.* The Heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame forever.

Cer. She is alive ; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear to make the world twice rich. O, live,

And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana,

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbors;

Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.

Get linen; now this matter must be looked to,

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;

And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.*]

SCENE III. Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and
MARINA.*

Per. Most honored Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortally,¹
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O, your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her
hither,
To have blessed mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,

¹ The old copy reads:—

“Your *shakes* of fortune, though they *haunt* you mortally,
Yet glance full *wonderingly*,” &c.

The folios have “though they *hate* you.” The emendation is by Steevens.

For she was born at sea, I have named so) here
 I charge your charity withal, and leave her
 The infant of your care; beseeching you
 To give her princely training, that she may be
 Mannered as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think¹
 Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
 (For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
 Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
 Should therein make me vile, the common body,
 By you relieved, would force me to my duty;
 But if to that my nature need a spur,
 The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
 To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
 Your honor and your goodness teach me credit,²
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
 By bright Diana, whom we honor all,
 Unscissored shall this hair of mine remain,
 Though I show will³ in't. So I take my leave.
 Good madam, make me blessed in your care
 In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
 Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
 Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the
 shore;

Then give you up to the masked Neptune,⁴ and
 The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
 Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,

¹ i. e. be satisfied that we cannot forget the benefits you have bestowed on us.

² The old copy reads, "teach me to it:" the alteration was made by Steevens.

³ i. e. appear wilful, perverse by such conduct. The old copy reads in the preceding line:—

"Unscissored shall this *hair* of mine," &c.

The corruption is obvious.

⁴ i. e. insidious waves.

Lychorida, no tears ;
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer ; which are now
At your command. Know you the character ?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipped at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning¹ time ; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.²
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The first quarto reads *learning*. To *ean* or *yeen*, in our elder language, as in the Anglo-Saxon, signified to bring forth young, without any particular reference to sheep.

² i. e. until you die.

ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*¹

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
 Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
 His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votaress.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find²
 At Tharsus, and by Cleon trained
 In music, letters; who hath gained
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place³
 Of general wonder. But, alack!
 That monster envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
 Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be;
 Be't when she weaved the sleided⁴ silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needl⁵ wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound

¹ This chorus, and the two following scenes, in the old editions, are printed as part of the third act.

² The same expression occurs in the chorus to *The Winter's Tale* :—

“—— your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass, and give my *scene* such *growing*
 As you had slept between.”

³ The old copies read :—

“Which makes *high* both the *art* and *place*.”

The emendation is by Steevens. *Place* here signifies *residence*.

⁴ “Sleided silk” is unwrought silk, prepared for weaving by passing it through the weaver's sley or reed-comb.

⁵ The old copies read *needle*; but the metre shows that we should read *needl*. The word is thus abbreviated in a subsequent passage in the first quarto. See *King John*, Act v. Sc. 2.

By hurting it ; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records¹ with moan ; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail² to her mistress Dian ; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute³ Marina ; so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant⁴ instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content ;⁵
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

SCENE I. Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it ;
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.

¹ To record anciently signified to sing.

² *Vail* is probably a misprint. Steevens suggests that we should read "*Hail*." Malone proposes to substitute "*Wail*."

³ i. e. highly accomplished, perfect.

⁴ *Pregnant*, in this instance, means *apt, quick*. *Prest* is *ready*.

⁵ Steevens conjectures that the Poet wrote *consent* instead of *content*

Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love, thy bosom
Inflame too nicely;¹ nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.²

Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green³ with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last.⁴ Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,

¹ The first quarto reads:—

“——— Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, *inflaming thy love bosome*,
Inflame too nicelie, nor let pity,” &c.

Malone reads:—

“——— Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, *inflame love in thy bosom*,
Inflame too nicely, nor let pity,” &c.

Steevens proposed to omit the words “Inflame too nicely,” and “which even,” adding the pronoun that, in the following manner:—

“——— Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom;
Nor let *that* pity women have cast off
Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.”

The reading here given is sufficiently intelligible, and deviates less from the old copy. *Nicely* here means *tenderly, fondly*.

² The old copy reads:—

“Here she comes weeping for her *only mistresse* death.”

The suggestion and emendation are Dr. Percy's.

³ This is the reading of the quarto copy; the folio reads *grave*. *Weed*, in old language, meant *garment*.

⁴ The old copy reads, “Shall as a *carpet* hang,” &c. The emendation is by Steevens.

This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring¹ me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favor's² changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere the sea mar it,³
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart.⁴ We every day
Expect him here; when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports,⁵ thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve⁶
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam

¹ Thus the earliest copy. The second quarto, and all subsequent impressions, read:—

"Hurrying me from my friends."

Whirring or *whirring* had formerly the same meaning; a bird that flies with a quick motion is still said to *whirr* away.

² Countenance, look.

³ i. e. ere the sea, by the coming in of the tide, mar your walk.

⁴ That is, with the same warmth of affection as if I was his countryman.

⁵ Our fair charge, whose beauty was once *equal* to all that fame said of it.

⁶ *Reserve* has here the force of *preserve*.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while ;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood.
What ! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit* DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried, *Good seamen !* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes ;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born.
Never was waves nor wind more violent ;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvass-climber.¹ *Ha !* says one, *wilt out ?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern ; the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.²

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray ! but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

¹ i. e. a *sailor*, one who climbs the mast to furl or unfurl the *canvass* or sails.

² Mr. Steevens thus regulates and reads this passage :—

“That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Washed off a canvass-climber. *Ha !* says one,
Wilt out ? and, with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern : The boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this ?

Mar. It was when I was born :

Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers *speedily*.”

Mar. Why would she have me killed?
 Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life;
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
 To any living creature: believe me, la,
 I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
 I trod upon a worm against my will,
 But I wept for it. How have I offended,
 Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
 My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
 Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
 You are well-favored, and your looks foreshow
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought.
 Good sooth, it showed well in you; do so now.
 Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
 And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
 And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
 have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving¹ thieves serve the great pirate
 Valdes;²

¹ Old copy reads "*roguing thieves.*"

² The Spanish armada, perhaps, furnished this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great

And they have seized Marina. Let her go;
 There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
 And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
 Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
 Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
 Whom they have ravished, must by me be slain.
[Exit.

SCENE III. Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true; 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.¹ But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome

galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by sir Francis Drake, on the 22d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play was not written, we may conclude, till after that period. The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days.

¹ I have brought up (i. e. educated), says the bawd, some eleven. Yes, answers Boul't, to eleven (i. e. as far as eleven years of age), and then brought them down again.

o' conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him ; she made him roast meat for worms :—but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit BOULT.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you ? Is it a shame to get when we are old ?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity ; nor the commodity wages not with the danger ;¹ therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched.² Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we ! ay, and better too ; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade ; it's no calling.—But here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*—My masters, you say she's a virgin ?

1 Pirate. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough³ for this piece, you see. If you like her, so ; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities ?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes ; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult ?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

¹ i. e. is not equal to it.

² A *hatch* is a half-door, sometimes placed within a street-door, preventing access farther than the entry of a house. When the top of a *hatch* was guarded by a row of spikes, no person could reach over and undo its fastening, which was always withinside and near its bottom.

³ i. e. bid a high price for her.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw¹ in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt PANDER and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her; the color of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boulton. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates

(Not enough barbarous) had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young, foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

¹ i. e. unripe, unskilful.

Mar. The gods defend me !

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul't's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market ?

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs ; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort ?

Boul't. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul't. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers¹ i' the hams ?

Bawd. Who ? Monsieur Veroles ?

Boul't. Ay ; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation ; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well ; as for him, he brought his dis-ease hither : here he does but repair it.² I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.³

Boul't. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.⁴

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me ; you must seem

¹ To *cower* is to sink or crouch down.

² i. e. *renovate* it.

³ The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil*. The meaning is merely this, "That the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his *money* there."

⁴ "If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin."

to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly, to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers. Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere¹ profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town; report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,² as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.]

¹ i. e. a certain profit.

² Thunder is supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather.

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poisoned too!
If thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat;¹ what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent,²
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,

¹ The old copy reads *face*. The emendation is Mason's. *Feat* is *deed*, or *exploit*.

² An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an *idiot*. She calls him an impious simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife. Mason thinks that we should read, "— the *pious* innocent."

Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honorable courses.

Dion. Be it so, then ;
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain ¹ my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes. None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
Whilst ours was blurted ² at, and held a malkin, ³
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough,
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me ⁴ as an enterprise of kindness,
Performed to your sole daughter.

Cle.

Heavens forgive it !

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn ; her monument
Is almost finished, and her epitaphs
In glittering, golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle.

Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face
Seize with thine eagle's talons. ⁵

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies ; ⁶
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ The old copy reads, "She did *disdain* my child." But Marina was not of a *disdainful* temper. The verb *distain* is several times used by Shakspeare in the sense of *to eclipse*, to throw into the shade.

² This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas.

³ A coarse wench, not worth a good-morrow.

⁴ "It *greets* me" appears to mean it *salutes* me, or is grateful to me.

⁵ "With thine angel's face," &c. means, You having an angel's face, a look of innocence, have, at the same time, an eagle's talons."

⁶ This passage appears to mean, You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to Heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies. *Superstitious* is explained by Johnson, *scrupulous beyond need*.—Boswell.

Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short ;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't ;
Making¹ (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardoned, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gap to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late²
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus (think this pilot-thought ;³
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.⁴
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb Show.

*Enter, at one door, PERICLES, with his Train ; CLEON
and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES*

¹ So in a former passage :—"O, *make* for Tharsus."—We still use a phrase exactly corresponding with *take* your *imagination* ; i. e. "to *take* one's fancy."

² These lines are strangely misplaced in the old copy. The transposition and corrections are by Steevens.

³ This is the reading of the old copy, which Malone altered to "*his* pilot thought." The passage, as it is, will bear the interpretation given to the correction :—"Let your imagination steer with him, be his pilot, and by accompanying him in his voyage, *think this pilot-thought.*"

⁴ Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there.

the tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
 This borrowed passion stands for true old woe;¹
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershowered,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel² tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit³
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument.
The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who withered in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she called; and at her birth,
Thetis,⁴ being proud, swallowed some part o' the earth.
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed,
Hath Thetis birth-child on the Heavens bestowed;
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint)⁵
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
 No visor does become black villany,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady Fortune; while our scenes display
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience, then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen. *[Exit.*

¹ i. e. for such tears as were shed when dissimulation was unknown.

² What is here called his *mortal vessel* (i. e. his body) is styled by Cleopatra her *mortal house*.

³ i. e. know.

⁴ The inscription alludes to the violent storm which accompanied the birth of Marina.

⁵ i. e. never cease.

SCENE V. Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there: did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses; shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, forever. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How ¹ a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless ² your honor!

Boult. I am glad to see your honor in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honor knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to an anchor³ to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honor, give me leave; a word, and I'll have done presently.

¹ This is justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity:—

“How a score of ewes now?”

² The use of *to* in composition with verbs is very common in Gower and Chancer.

³ The words *an anchor* (anchorite) are substituted by Mr. Singer for *a number* in the old copy.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man. [*To MAR., whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal¹ fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced² yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honor and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester³ at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honorable parts, and are the governor of this place.

¹ This uncommon adjective is again used in *Coriolanus*

² A term from the equestrian art.

³ i. e. a *wanton*.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honor, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more; be sage.¹

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath placed me here within this loathsome sty,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O, that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallowed place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dreamed thou
couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's gold for thee;
Persever still in that clear² way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savor vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue,³ and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—

¹ Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sincerely.

² Clear is pure, innocent.

³ "—— thy mother was

A piece of virtue."

Tempest.

Hold ; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st
from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* **LYSIMACHUS** *is putting up his purse,*
BOULT *enters.*

Boult. I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your
house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit* **LYSIMACHUS.**

Boult. How's this? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the
cope,¹ shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded
like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or
the common hangman shall execute it. Come your
way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away.
Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter **Bawd.**

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here
spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O, abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession, as it were, to stink
afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up forever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her
like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a
snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy
pleasure; crack the glass of her virginity, and make
the rest malleable.

¹ i. e. under the *cope* or *canopy* of heaven.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures; away with her. 'Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!¹ [*Exit Bawd.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or, rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change.

Thou'rt the damned door-keeper to every coystrel,²
That hither comes inquiring for his tib.

To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy very food is such

As hath been belched on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars,
would you? where a man may serve seven years for
the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the
end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are better yet than this:
For that which thou professest, a baboon,

¹ Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

² A coystrel is a low, mean person.—Tib was a common name for a strumpet.

Could he speak, would own a name too dear.¹

O that the gods would safely from this place

Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mur. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee; if
I can place thee, I will.

Mur. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have bought
you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I
will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I
doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come,
I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs,² and with her needl³ composes

¹ That is, a baboon would think his tribe dishonored by such a profession.

² i. e. silences the learned persons with whom she converses by her literary superiority.

³ Needle.

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry ;
 'That even her art sisters the natural roses :
 Her inkle¹ silk, twin with the rubied cherry ;
 'That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place ;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost ;
 Whence driven before the winds, he is arrived
 Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived²
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep ; from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimmed with rich expense,
 And to him in his barge with fervor lies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight ;³
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark ;
 Where, what is done in action, more, if might,⁴
 Shall be discovered. Please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. *On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene.*
A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it ;
PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge
lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel,
the other to the barge ; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus ? he can
 resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*
 O, here he is.——
 Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,

¹ *Inkle* appears to have been a particular kind of silk thread or worsted used in embroidery. Rider translates *inkle* by *filum textile*.

² Steevens thinks that we should read, "The city's *hived*," i. e. the citizens are collected like bees in a hive.

³ "Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination."

⁴ "Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited ; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit." Some modern editions read, "more of might."

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray
you

To greet them fairly.

*[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,
and go on board the barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian
Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue¹ his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;

¹ To lengthen or prolong his grief. *Prorogued* is used in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed*.

But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then ?

Hel. You may, indeed, sir
But bootless is your sight ; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir. [*PERICLES discovered.*¹] This
was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,²
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail ! the gods preserve you !
Hail,

Hail, royal sir !

Hel. It is in vain ; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst
wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafened parts,³
Which now are midway stopped.
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon⁴
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit
Lord, in the barge of* LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit

¹ Few of the stage-directions, that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy. In the original representation, Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient narratives represented him as remaining in the cabin of his ship ; but, as in such a situation Pericles would not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction is now given.

² The old copies read, "one mortal *wight*." The emendation is Malone's. *Mortal* is here used for *deathly, destructive*.

³ The old copy reads, "*defend* parts." Malone made the alteration. Steevens would read, "deafened ports."

⁴ This passage is as intelligible as many others in this play. "Upon a leafy shelter," appears to mean "Upon a spot which is sheltered."

That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness,
We have stretched thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.¹—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it.—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge,² Lord, MARINA, and a Young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assured she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty³
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient.
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat⁴
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,

¹ There can be but little doubt that the Poet wrote *afflict*. We have no example of *to inflict*, used by itself, for *to punish*.

² It appears that when *Pericles* was originally performed, the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port in their *mind's eye* only.

³ The quarto of 1609 reads:—

“Fair on all goodness that consists in *beauty*,” &c.

⁴ The old copy has “artificial *fate*.” The emendation is by Dr. Percy.

Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her ;
And the gods make her prosperous ! [*MARINA sings.*

Lys. Marked he your music ?

Mar. No, nor looked on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir ! my lord, lend ear.—

Per. Hum ! ha !

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on, like a comet. She speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings ;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward¹ casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist ;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine ?—was it not thus ? what say you ?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.²

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman ?
Here of these shores ?³

¹ *Awkward* is *adverse*.

² This seems to refer to a part of the story that is made no use of in the present scene. Thus in Twine's translation:—"Then Appolonius fell in rage, and forgetting all courtesie, &c. rose up sodainly and stroke the maiden," &c. Pericles, however, afterwards says—

"Didst thou not say, when I did *push thee back*,
(Which was when I perceived thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending ?"

³ This passage is strangely corrupt in the old copies:—

"*Per.* I do think so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like

Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?¹

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdained in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee, speak.
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crowned truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceived thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were opened.

something that, what country women heare of these shewes," &c. For the ingenious emendation, *shores* instead of *shewes*, as well as the regulation of the whole passage, Malone confesses his obligation to the earl of Charlemont.

¹ The meaning is:—These endowments acquire additional grace from their owner.

Mar. Some such thing, indeed,
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story ;
If thine considered, prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl ; yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.¹ What were thy friends ?
How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind
virgin ?

Recount, I do beseech thee ; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mocked,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient ;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina
Was given me by one that had some power ;
My father, and a king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter ?
And called Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ,
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?
No motion ?² Well ; speak on. Where were you born ?
And wherefore called Marina ?

¹ " By her beauty and patient meekness, disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her uplifted sword." *Extremity* (though not personified as here) is in like manner used for the *utmost of human suffering* in *King Lear*.

² i. e. no puppet dressed up to deceive me. So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :—

"O excellent *motion* ! O exceeding puppet."

Mar. Called Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?—

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal. This cannot be;
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver.¹ Yet, give me leave;—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave
me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having wooed
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,

You think me an impostor. No, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general. Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but

¹ That is, I will believe every the minutest part of what you say.

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honored sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us; this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.¹

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drowned queen's name, (as in the rest thou hast
Been godlike perfect,) thou'rt the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.²

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my
child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;

¹ i. e. "though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt."

² This passage is very much corrupted in the old copies: in the last line we have, "another like." The emendation is founded upon that of Mason. Malone reads:—

"*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drowned queen's name, (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) the heir of kingdoms,
And a mother like to Pericles thy father."

When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O Heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?
The music of the spheres; list, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music;
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

[*The curtain before the pavilion of PERICLES
is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,¹
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.

SCENE II. *The same.*

PERICLES *on the deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him
as in a vision.*²

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

¹ Malone would give these lines to Marina, reading—

“——Well, my *companion-friend*.”

² This vision appears to be founded on a passage in Gower.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
 Before the people all,
 Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife ;
 To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
 And give them repetition to the life.¹
 Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe ;
 Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
 Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA disappears.
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,²
 I will obey thee !—Helicanus !

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
 The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am
 For other service first. Toward Ephesus
 Turn our blown³ sails ; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
 [To HELICANUS.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
 And give you gold for such provision
 As our intents will need ?

Lys. With all my heart, sir ; and when you come
 ashore,
 I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
 Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
 You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA, *at* Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;
 More a little, and then done.⁴

¹ In the old copy we have here *like* for *life* again.

² i. e. regent of the silver moon.

³ That is, "our *swollen* sails."

⁴ The old copy reads *dum* ; and in the last line of this chorus *doom* instead of *boon*.

This, as my last boon, give me,
 (For such kindness must relieve me,)
 That you aptly will suppose
 What pageantry, what feasts, what shows,
 What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
 The regent made in Mitylin,
 To greet the king. So he has thrived,
 That he is promised to be wived
 To fair Marina; but in no wise
 Till he ¹ had done his sacrifice,
 As Dian bade; whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound.²
 In feathered briefness sails are filled,
 And wishes fall out as they're willed.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon.

[Exit

SCENE III. *The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus*
THAISA standing near the Altar, as High Priestess;
a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and
other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery.³ She at Tharsus
 Was nursed with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
 He sought to murder: but her better stars

¹ i. e. Pericles.

² *Confound* here signifies to consume.

³ i. e. her white robe of innocence.

Brought her to Mitylene ; against whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known herself my daughter.

Thai.

Voice and favor !—

You are—you are—O royal Pericles !— [*She faints.*]

Per. What means the woman ? She dies, help,
 gentlemen !

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,
 This is your wife.

Per.

Reverend appearer, no ;

I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per.

'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady ;—O, she's but o'erjoyed !
 Early, one blustering morn, this lady was
 Thrown on this shore. I oped the coffin, and
 Found there rich jewels ; recovered her, and placed her
 Here in Diana's temple.

Per.

May we see them ?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
 house,
 Whither I invite you. Look ! Thaisa is
 Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look !

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
 Will to my sense¹ bend no licentious ear,
 But curb it, spite of seeing. O my lord,
 Are you not Pericles ? Like him you speak,
 Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
 A birth, and death ?

Per.

The voice of dead Thaisa !

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
 And drowned.²

Per. Immortal Dian !

Thai.

Now I know you better.

Sense is here used for *sensual passion*.

² *Drowned*, in this instance, does not signify suffocated by water, but overwhelmed in it.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.]

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present
kindness
Makes my past miseries sport. You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISA.]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaïsa;
Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blessed and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from
Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.
Can you remember what I called the man?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus, then.

Per. Still confirmation.
Embrace him, dear Thaïsa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that
can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed¹ of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my loved Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touched,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.²

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch,³ and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward.
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by Heaven, and crowned with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well desery
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty;
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honored name

¹ i. e. fairly contracted, honorably affianced.

² In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance, the father dies in his daughter's arms.

³ i. e. the king of Antioch. The old copy reads *Antiochus*.

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them ; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.
[Exit GOWER

THAT this tragedy has some merit, it were vain to deny ; but that it is the entire composition of Shakspeare, is more than can be hastily granted. I shall not venture, with Dr. Farmer, to determine that the hand of our great Poet is only visible in the last act ; for I think it appears in several passages dispersed over each of these divisions. I find it difficult, however, to persuade myself that he was the original fabricator of the plot or the author of every dialogue, chorus, &c. STEEVENS.

END OF VOL. VI.

